

THE
INTELLIGENCER.

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & adri:issus circum præcordia ludit.*
Perf.

By the Author of a TALE of a TUB.

THE SECOND EDITION.

by S^r. Swift & J^r. Sheridan.



L O N D O N :

Printed for FRANCIS COGAN, at the
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THE

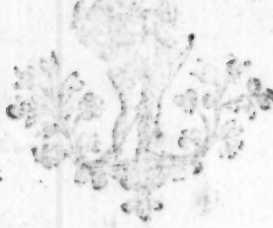
INTELLIGENCER

Containing the most interesting and valuable
information of the day

Published weekly, on every Friday

The Second Edition


By J. B. COOPER



Printed for F. & J. COOPER, at the
White-Temple-Gate, in the Strand,
London.

~~TO THE READER~~

TO THE
READER.

 *THE following Productions I met straggling in a mean Condition, representing the Poverty of their Country by their outward Appearance; but by their Discourse they soon betrayed their good Birth and Education.*

I had the same eager Desire of communicating them to the Publick, that most of us have of in-

To the R E A D E R.

troducing a Man of Wit into Company, or of the second Hand Merit of telling a Joke, when we have not the Sense to make one.

As they wanted nothing but a more genteel Dress to enable them to make their Fortune in England, I have given them the Cloathing of our own Countrey. And now, I doubt not, they will have the good Luck of being admitted to a Lady's Toilet, or the ill one of being closetted by a Prime Minister: I say the ill one, for they describe an unalterable Something, with the Abbreviations of T — D, and that

To the R E A D E R.

*that perhaps may be thought a
Reflection on one or other of First
Quality and Distinction.*

*Having thus given these Essays
new Birth, as it were, in a Fo-
reign Countrey, I may claim the
Right over them of a secondary
Parent: The real Parent will
confirm it, I don't question, with
the Honour of his own Donation:
So the Pope made a Gift of Ire-
land to Henry VIII. after the
King had annex'd it to his own
Imperial Title.*

THE

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BY
THE
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THE INTELLIGENCER.



T may be said, without Offence to other *Cities* of much greater Consequence in the World, that our Town of *Dublin* doth not want its due Proportion of *Folly* and *Vice*, both Native and Imported; and as to those Imported, we have the Advantage to receive them last, and consequently after our happy Manner to improve and refine upon them.

BUT, because there are many Effects of *Folly* and *Vice* among us, whereof some

B

are

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are *general*, others confined to smaller Numbers, and others again, perhaps to a few *Individuals*; there is a *Society* lately established, who at great Expence have erected an *Office of Intelligence*, from which they are to receive weekly Information of all *Important Events* and *Singularities*, which this famous *Metropolis* can furnish. Strict Injunctions are given to have the truest Information. In order to which, certain qualified Persons are employ'd to attend upon Duty in their several Posts; some at the *Play-House*, others in *Churches*, some at *Balls*, *Assemblies*, *Coffee-Houses*, and *Meetings* for *Quadrille*; some at the several *Courts of Justice*, both *Spiritual* and *Temporal*; some at the *College*, some upon my *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen* in their publick Affairs; lastly, some to converse with *favourite Chamber-maids*, and to frequent those *Ale-Houses* and *Brandy-shops* where the *Footmen* of great Families meet in a Morning; only the *Barracks* and
Par-

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Parliament-House are excepted; because we have yet found no *enfants perdus* bold enough to venture their Persons at either. Out of these and some other *Store-Houses*, we hope to gather Materials enough to *Inform*, or *Divert*, or *Correct*, or *Vex* the Town.

BUT as *Facts*, *Passages*, and *Adventures* of all Kinds, are like to have the greatest Share in our *Paper*, whereof we cannot always answer for the Truth; due Care shall be taken to have them apply'd to feign'd Names, whereby all just Offence will be remov'd; for if none be guilty, none will have Cause to blush or be angry; if otherwise, then the guilty Person is safe for the future upon his *present* Amendment, and safe for the *present*, from all but his *own Conscience*.

THERE is another Resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general Discontent, and is of so singular a Nature, that I have hard-

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ly Confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by Way of Apology for *so bold and unpopular an Attempt*. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate Counsel to produce into the World every distinguish'd Action, either of *Justice, Prudence, Generosity, Charity, Friendship, or publick Spirit*, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be so daring as to assign Names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some Hints, that perhaps to the great Displeasure of such deserving Persons may endanger a Discovery. For we think that even *Virtue it self*, should submit to such a *Mortification*, as by its *Visibility* and *Example*, will render it more useful to the World. But however, the *Readers* of these *Papers*, need not be in Pain of being over-charged, with so dull and ungrateful a Subject. And yet who knows, but such an Occasion may be offered to us, once in a Year or two, after
we

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we have settled a Correspondence round the *Kingdom*?

BUT after all our Boasts of *Materials*, sent us by our several *Emissaries*, we may probably soon fall short, if the Town will not be pleased to lend us further Assistance towards entertaining it self. The *World* best knows its own *Faults* and *Virtues*, and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished according to the Custom of *Authors*. We do therefore *Demand* and *Expect* continual *Advertisements* in great Numbers, to be sent to the *Printer* of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *Judicious Secretary* to collect such as may be most useful for the *Publick*.

AND although we do not intend to expose our own Persons by mentioning Names, yet we are so far from requiring the same Caution in our *Correspondents*, that, on the contrary, we expressly *Charge* and *Command* them, in all the Facts they send

us, to set down the Names, Titles, and Places of Abode at length ; together with a very particular Description of the *Persons, Dresses, and Dispositions* of the several *Lords, Ladies, 'Squires, Madams, Lawyers, Gamesters, Toupees, Sots, Wits, Rakes, and Informers*; whom they shall have Occasion to mention ; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our Style to the different Qualities, and Capacities of the Persons concern'd, and treat them with the *Respect* or *Familiarity*, that may be due to their *Stations* and *Characters*, which we are determin'd to observe with the utmost Strictness, that none may have Cause to Complain.

Jⁿ Swift.

NUMBER



NUMBER II.

Occurſare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

Virg.

MY Design, in writing this *Paper*, being chiefly to expoſe ſuch *Barbarians*, who think themſelves exempt from thoſe Laws of *Hospitality*, which have, through all Ages and Countries, been obſerved by the beſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed Part of Mankind; I hope I ſhall, *even in my own Country*, find Perſons enough to join with me in a hearty Detestation of a certain *Country-Squire*, at the Relation of the following *Fact*, which I ſhall tell without the leaſt Aggravation, or Partiality.

Two *Clergymen* of ſome Diſtinction, travelling to the Country for their Health, happened to ſet up together in a ſmall
B 4 Village,

Village, which was under the Dominion of a certain *Animal*, dignified with a *Brace of Titles*, that of a *Militia-Colonel* and a *Squire*. One of these Gentlemen standing in the Street, and observing a *Coachman* driving his *Coach* and *four Horses* furiously against him, turned into the close Passage between his *Inn* and the *Sign-post*; but the *Coachman*, instead of driving through the Middle of the Street, which was the usual and most commodious Way, turn'd short, and drove full upon the Gentleman, without any Notice, so that he was on a sudden enclosed between the *fore Horses*; and if his Friend and another Gentleman, who were in the Middle of the Street, had not suddenly cryed out to stop the *Coach*, he must have unavoidably been trodden under the *Horses Feet*, and his Body bruised to Death by the *Wheels* running over him. His Friend, who saw with Terror what had like to have befallen him, full of Indignation, repaired immediately

mediately to the aforefaid *Squire* or *Colonel* (to whom he was told the *Equipage* belonged) with a Complaint againſt his *Coachman*. But the *Squire* inſtead of expreſſing any Concern, or offering any Redreſs, ſent the Doctor away with the following Answer: *I have a great Regard for your Clotb, and have ſent my Coachman to aſk your Friend's Pardon; for one of your Servants this moment told me what had happened. But, Sir, ſaid the Doctor, do you think, that is ſufficient? I dare venture to affirm, if the like had befallen you, within the Liberties of my Friend, and you were brought to the ſame Danger by his Servant, he would not only have him puniſhed, but at the ſame Time, he would diſcharge him his Service. Sir, (ſaid the Colonel) I tell you again, that I have ſent my Coachman to aſk his Pardon, and I think that is enough; which he ſpoke with ſome Sturdineſs; and well he might; for he had two Cannons at his Back. Good God, ſaid the*

Doctor to himself, (when he had got out of Gun-shot) what a *Hottentot* have I been talking to, who so little values the Life of a Gentleman, and, as it happen'd, that very Gentleman, to whom the Nation hath in a particular Manner been obliged ! Back he went full of Resentment, for the slighting Treatment his Friend met with, and very candidly reported all that pass'd; who being a Man of a different Spirit from that wretched *Colonel*, ordered one of his Servants to write the following Letter.

SIR,

M^Y Master commanded me to tell you, That if you do not punish and turn off that Villain your Coachman, he will think there was a Design upon his Life. I put this in Writing for fear of Mistakes.

I am your Humble Servant to command,

A. R.

THE

THE Superfcription was, *For Squire WETHER,* or some fuch Name.

THIS *Letter* was delivered, and away went the *Travellers*. They had not rode far, before they fell into the Company of a Gentleman, a Degree above the common Level, and who feemed to be a Man of Candor and Integrity, which encouraged them to recount what had happen'd. He faid in Answer, that they had a narrow Escape; and it was a Wonder that the whole Town did not fall upon them at once and worry them; for the People there, had little or no *Devotion*, befides what was engaged to the *Squire*, as an Effect of the Terrors they lay under from their *Landlord*, who rode them all down, as poor as his Fox-hunters. After this he took Occafion with great Modefty and Decency, to draw his *Character*, which was to the following Purpose. That the *Squire* had about *fifteen hundred Pounds* a Year, and lived in *along White-Barn*, where no Man living

was one *Farthing* the better for him. That his *Piety* consisted in Six *Psalms* every Day after Dinner, without one Drop of Wine. That he had once reduced a certain *Reverend Dean*, plumper than any two of his *Brethren*, to be as slender about the Waste as a Weazle by a Fortnight scouring of bad Ale, to which the *Dean* was not accustomed. That his *Hospitality* was within the Enclosure of a *Rampart*, with a Draw-bridge. That if any Gentleman was admitted by Chance, his Entertainment was lean salt Beef, sour Beer and muddy Ale. That his *Charity* was as much upon the Catch as a *Pick-pocket*; for his Method was to bring others to erect *Charity-Schools*, by promising Assistance, and so leaving them in the Lurch.

THAT without the least Tincture of Learning, he was a great Pretender to *Oratory* and *Poetry*, and eminently bad at both, which (I hope I shall be excused the Digression) brings to my Memory a Character,

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rafter given by *Julius Capitolinus* of the Emperor *VERUS*. *Melior quidem Orator fuisse dicitur, quàm Poeta; imo (ut verius dicam) pejor Poeta quàm Rbetor, (viz.) He was a better Orator than Poet; but to speak the Thing more properly, He was a viler Poet than Orator.* But to give you a Specimen of his *Genius*, I shall repeat an *Epi-gram* of his own Composition (and I am very sure it is every Line his own, without any Help) which is drawn by a Sign-dawber on the Cross-board of a Ferry-boat, in Characters that have hitherto stood the Fury of all Weathers.

*All you that are
To Andrew Heir,
And you that him attend,
Shall ferry'd be,
O'er Carrick free,
For Blank's the Boatman's Friend.*

THE

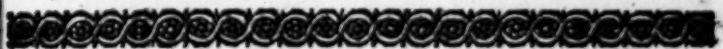
THE Behaviour of this *Squire* being of the most savage Kind, I think my self obliged out of the tender Regard, which I bear to all Strangers and Travellers, to animadvert upon him in as gentle a Manner as the Occasion will allow. And therefore I shall first lay down a few Postulatus: *That every travelling Gentleman is presumed to be under the Protection of the governing Mayor, Sovereign, Portreeff, or Squire of the Town or Village, which he happens to make his Stage. The Laws of Humanity, Hospitality and Civility, oblige him, if there be no Accommodation in the Publick Houses, fit for a Person of Distinction, to invite him to his own, or supply the Deficiencies as well as he can. That if any Insult or Injury be offer'd either to such a Stranger, or his Servants, the Squire is obliged to justify, vindicate, and espouse their Cause. This was the Method observed among the civilized People of the old Jewish and Heathen World; where we find some of the Patriarchs*

triarchs themselves condescending to wash the Feet of such Travellers as they entertained. And so sacred was the Regard for Strangers among the *Heathens*, that they dignified their supreme God with the Title of *Jupiter Hospitalis*. Nothing was thought so monstrous as to offer any Violence to Sojourners among them, which was so religiously observed, that it became the Glory of the most distinguished Heroes, to destroy and extirpate such as were remarkable for their Cruelty to Strangers. This it was, which added so much Glory to the Character of *Theseus*, for the Punishments he inflicted on *Sisyphus*, *Procrustes*, &c. It was owing likewise to a generous Indignation, that *Hercules* threw *Diomedes* (the Colonel and Squire of that Age) to be devoured by those Horses, which he fed with the Flesh of poor Travellers, and I find upon Enquiry that they were *Coach-Horses* too. I shall make no farther Remark upon this, nor Application, but say to the Squire, That

That it is very happy for him the present Age has not one *Hercules* left, or a Week would not pass, before he should feel the Weight of that *Hero's Club*, or be thrown by Way of Reprisal under his own *Horses Feet*. And I may farther add, that in this whole Kingdom, from one End of it to the other, another *Squire* could not be found, who would behave himself in the same Manner to the same Person; but Hundreds, who on the contrary, would have given all the Satisfaction, that Gentlemen of Justice, Humanity, and common Benevolence ought to do, upon the like Accident, although they had never seen him before. I confess this *Paper* contains nothing besides a dry Fact, and a few occasional Observations upon it. But in the former I told my READERS, that Facts would be the chief Part of the *Entertainment*, I meant to give them. If what I have said, may have any Effect on the Person concerned, (to whom Care shall be taken

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ken to send this Account) or if it helps to revive the old Spirit of *Hospitality* among us, or at least begets a Detestation of the like inhuman *Usage* in others; one Part of my Design is answered. However, it cannot be unseasonable to expose Malice, Avarice, Brutality, and Hypocrisy, wherever we find it.



NUMBER III.

——— *Ipse per omnes.*

Ibit personas, & turbam reddet in unam.

THE *Players* having now almost done with the Comedy, call'd, *The Beggars Opera* for this Season, it may be no unpleasant Speculation, to reflect a little upon this *Dramatick Piece*, so singular in the Subject, and the Manner so much an Original, and which hath frequently given so very agreeable an Entertainment.

ALTHOUGH.

ALTHOUGH an evil *Taste* be very apt to prevail, both here and in *London*, yet there is a Point, which whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleasing a very great Majority; so great, that the Dislikers, out of Dulness or Affectation will be silent, and forced to fall in with the Herd: The Point I mean, is what we call *Humour*, which in its Perfection is allowed to be much preferable to *Wit*, if it be not rather the most useful, and agreeable Species of it.

I agree with Sir *William Temple*, that the Word is peculiar to our *English Tongue*; but I differ from him in the Opinion, that the Thing it self is peculiar to the *English Nation*, because the contrary may be found in many *Spanish, Italian and French* Productions, and particularly, whoever hath a *Taste* for *True Humour*, will find a hundred Instances of it in those Volumes printed in *France*, under the Name of *Le Theatre Italien*, to say nothing of *Rabelais, Cervantes*, and many others. Now

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Now I take the *Comedy* or *Farce*, (or whatever Name the *Criticks* will allow it) called the *Beggars Opera*, to excel in this Article of *Humour*, and upon that Merit to have met with such prodigious Success both here and in *England*.

As to *Poetry*, *Eloquence* and *Musick*, which are said to have most Power over the Minds of Men, it is certain that very few have a *Taste* or *Judgment* of the Excellencies of the two former; and if a Man succeeds in either, it is upon the Authority of those few *Judges*, that lend their *Taste* to the Bulk of Readers; who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good Judges in *Musick*, and that among those who crowd the *Opera's*, Nine in Ten go thither merely out of *Curiosity*, *Fashion*, or *Affectation*.

BUT a *Taste* for *Humour* is in some Manner fixed to the very Nature of Man, and generally obvious to the Vulgar, except

cept upon Subjects too refined, and superior to their Understanding.

AND as this *Taste* of *Humour* is purely Natural, so is humour it self, neither is it a *Talent* confin'd to Men of *Wit*, or *Learning*; for we observe it sometimes among common Servants, and the Meanest of the People, while the very Owners are often ignorant of the Gift they possess.

I KNOW very well, that this happy *Talent* is contemptibly treated by *Criticks*, under the Name of *low Humour*, or *low Comedy*; but I know likewise, that the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who are allowed to have the most Wit of any *Nation* in *Europe*, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what Disposition of the Mind, what Influence of the Stars, or what Situation of the *Climate* this Endowment is bestow'd upon Mankind, may be a Question fit for *Philosophers* to discuss. It is certainly the best.

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best Ingredient towards that Kind of Satyr, which is most useful, and gives the least Offence; which instead of lashing, laughs Men out of their Follies and Vices, and is the Character which gives *Horace* the Preference to *Juvenal*.

AND although some Things are too serious, solemn, or sacred to be turned into Ridicule, yet the Abuses of them are certainly not, since it is allowed that Corruption in *Religion*, *Politicks*, and *Law*, may be proper *Topicks* for this Kind of Satyr.

THERE are two Ends that Men propose in writing Satyr, one of them less Noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than personal Satisfaction, and Pleasure of the Writer, but without any View towards *Personal Malice*; the other is a *Publick Spirit*, prompting Men of *Genius* and *Virtue*, to mend the World, as far as they are able. And as both these Ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable.

commendable. With Regard to the former, I demand whether I have not as good a Title to laugh, as Men have to be ridiculous, and to expose Vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the Follies and Corruptions of a *Court*, a *Ministry*, or a *Senate*, are they not amply paid by *Pensions*, *Titles*, and *Power*, while I expect and desire no other Reward, than that of laughing with a few Friends in a Corner? Yet, if those who take Offence, think me in the Wrong, I am ready to change the Scene with them, whenever they please.

BUT if my Design be to make Mankind better, then I think it is my Duty; at least I am sure it is the Interest of those very *Courts* and *Ministers*, whose Follies or Vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good Intentions: For if it be reckoned a high Point of Wisdom to get the Laughers on our Side, it is much more Easy, as well as Wise to get those on our Side, who can make Millions laugh when they please.

My

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MY Reason for mentioning *Courts*, and *Ministers*, (whom I never think on but with the most profound Veneration) is, because an Opinion obtains that in the *Beggars Opera* there appears to be some Reflection upon *Courtiers* and *Statesmen*, whereof I am by no Means a Judge.

IT is true indeed, that Mr. GAY, the Author of this Piece, hath been somewhat singular in the Course of his Fortunes; for it hath happened, that after Fourteen Years attending the *Court*, with a large Stock of real Merit, a modest and agreeable Conversation, a *Hundred Promises* and *Five Hundred Friends*, hath failed of Preferment, and upon a very weighty Reason. He lay under the Suspicion of having written a Libel, or Lampoon against a great M——. It is true that great M—— was demonstratively convinced, and publickly owned his Conviction, that Mr. GAY was not the Author; but having lain under the Suspicion, it seemed very just, that he should suffer

My 2

suffer the Punishment; because in this most reformed Age, the Virtues of a great M—— are no more to be suspected, than the Chastity of *Cæsar's* Wife.

It must be allowed, That the *Beggars Opera* is not the first of Mr. GAY's Works, wherein he hath been faulty, with Regard to *Courtiers* and *Statesmen*. For to omit his other Pieces, even in his Fables, published within two Years past, and dedicated to the *Duke of CUMBERLAND*, for which he was PROMISED a Reward, he hath been thought somewhat too bold upon *Courtiers*. And although it is highly probable, he meant only the *Courtiers* of former Times, yet he acted unwarily, by not considering that the Malignity of some People might misinterpret what he said to the Disadvantage of present *Persons* and Affairs.

BUT I have now done with Mr. GAY as a Politician, and shall consider him henceforward only as Author of the *Beggars Opera*, wherein he hath by a Turn of *Humour*

entirely New, placed Vices of all Kinds in the strongest and most odious Light; and thereby done eminent Service, both to Religion and Morality. This appears from the unparallell'd Success he hath met with. All Ranks, Parties and Denominations of Men either crowding to see his Opera, or reading it with Delight in their Closets, even Ministers of State, whom he is thought to have most offended (next to those whom the Actors more immediately represent) appearing frequently at the Theatre, from a Consciousness of their own Innocence, and to convince the World how unjust a Parallel, Malice, Envy, and Disaffection to the Government have made.

I AM assured that several worthy Clergy-men in this City, went privately to see the Jeggars Opera represented; and that the sneering Coxcombs in the Pit, amused themselves with making Discoveries, and spreading the Names of those Gentlemen round the Audience.

C

I SHALL

I SHALL not pretend to vindicate a Clergyman, who would appear openly in his Habit at a *Theatre*, among such a vicious Crew, as would probably stand round him, and at such lewd *Comedies*, and prophane *Tragedies* as are often represented. Besides I know very well, that Persons of their Function are bound to avoid the Appearance of Evil, or of giving Cause of Offence. But when the *Lords Chancellors*, who are Keepers of the King's Conscience; when the *Judges* of the Land, whose Title is *Reverend*; when *Ladies*, who are bound by the Rules of their Sex to the strictest Decency, appear in the *Theatre* without Censure, I cannot understand, why a young Clergyman who goes concealed out of Curiosity to see an innocent and moral Play, should be so highly condemned; nor do I much approve the Rigour of a great P——te, who said, *He hoped none of his Clergy were there.* I am glad to hear there are no weightier

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weightier Objections against that Reverend Body, planted in this City, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak, as to imitate a COURT-CHAPLAIN in *England*, who preached against the *Beggars Opera*, which will probably do more Good than a thousand Sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a Divine.

IN this happy Performance of Mr. GAY's, all the Characters are just, and none of them carried beyond Nature, or hardly beyond Practice. It discovers the whole System of that Common-Wealth, or that *Imperium in Imperio* of Iniquity, established among us, by which neither our Lives, nor our Properties are secure, either in the Highways, or in publick Assemblies, or even in our own Houses. It shews the miserable Lives and the constant Fate of those abandoned Wretches; for how little they sell their Lives and

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Souls; betrayed by their *Whores*, their *Comrades*, and the *Receivers* and *Purchasers* of these Thefts and Robberies! This *Comedy* contains likewise a *Satyr*, which although it doth by no Means affect the present Age, yet might have been useful in the former, and may possibly be so in Ages to come: I mean where the Author takes Occasion of comparing those *common Robbers of the Publick*, and their several Stratagems of betraying, undermining and hanging each other, to the several Arts of *Politicians* in Times of Corruption.

THIS *Comedy* likewise exposeth with great Justice that unnatural Taste for *Italian Musick* among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our Northern *Climate*, and the *Genius* of the People, whereby we are over-run with *Italian-Effeminacy*, and *Italian Nonsense*. An old Gentleman said to me, many Years ago, when, the Practice of an unnatural Vice grew so frequent in *London* that many were prosecuted

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secuted for it, he was sure it would be the
 Fore-runner of *Italian Opera's* and *Singers*;
 and then we should want nothing but
 stabbing or poysoning, to make us perfect
Italians.

UPON the Whole, I deliver my Judgment,
 That nothing but servile Attachment
 to a Party, Affectation of Singularity,
 lamentable Dullness, mistaken Zeal,
 or studied Hypocrisy, can have the least
 reasonable Objection against this excellent
 moral Performance of the CELEBRATED
 MR. GAY.

J. Swift.

C 3

NUMBER



NUMBER IV.

Quando alea hos animos?

Juv.

AMONG all the *Amusements* invented by the idle Part of Mankind to pass away their Time, there is not one which is attended with so many evil Consequences as that of *Gaming*, nor indeed any so much below the Dignity of human Nature, it being an Employment so trifling in Appearance, that a Man with a *Box* and *Dice*, is hardly distinguishable from a Child with its Rattle; or when he diverts himself with a few Scraps of painted Paste-board, does he make one Whit a better Figure?

BUT setting Appearances of this Kind aside, which can make even the Wisest look ridiculous, I shall chiefly dwell upon
the

No. 4. *The INTELLIGENCER.* §1

the more solid Evils, that attend all intemperate Practitioners in this Way, and these I shall sum up in the following Losses, viz. *Loss of Time; Loss of Reputation; Loss of Health; Loss of Fortune; Loss of Temper; and, what is often the Effect of it, the Loss of Life, it self.* I know who will

FIRST, That it is a *Loss of Time* is plain, because our Time may be employed to more Advantage; for by six Hours in the twenty four, I can make my self *Wiser, and Better; and Richer;* whereas on the contrary, by *Cards or Dice,* I do infallibly grow more *Stupid, and Worse;* and a hundred to one against me, I grow *Poorer.*

SECONDLY, That it is a *Loss of Reputation and Esteem* in the World, is easily proved, because no Man of *Reputation or Esteem* was ever called a *Gamester:* Ergo *vice versa,* no *Gamester* can be called a Man of *Reputation and Esteem:* For in giving the best Characters to Men or Women, we never use the Word *Gam-*

ing as an *Epithet*. We say, for Instance, *A great and glorious King ; A wise and good Governor ; A learned and a pious Bishop ; An unbyassed and just Chancellor ; A virtuous and a modest Lady*, and so through the best Degrees of Men and Women. But how odly would it sound, if we should take out the latter *Epithet* from each of these, and put in their Stead the Word *Gaming* ; and say, *A wise and a gaming King ; A learned and a gaming Bishop ; An unbyassed and gaming Chancellor ; A virtuous and a gaming Lady, &c.* From which it is plain, that *Gaming* must stand and agree with the worst Characters ; for it sounds very well to say, *A profligate, gaming Spend-thrift ; A notorious, gaming Sharper ; A swearing, gaming Bully* ; and the same *Epithet* will agree as well with *Pick-pockets, Rakes, Highwaymen*, and others of that distinguished Race of Mankind.

THIRDLY, That it is a *Loss of Health*, follows from the sedentary Life, to which
those

those who follow *Gaming* are confined; whence, as I am told by a knowing *Physician*, proceed *Dropsies*, *Gouts*, *Gravel* and *Stone* in the Men; and in the Women, *Tympanies* of both Kinds, *Hystericks*, *Vapours*, and a Load of bad *Humours*, for Want of those Exercises, which produce *Perspiration* and *Evacuations* necessary to invigorate, strengthen and preserve the *Animal Oeconomy*, free from those numerous *Distempers*, which *Laziness* and *Sloth* produce.

FOURTHLY, That it is a *Loss of Fortune* is out of all Dispute, from the numberless Instances I could give of *Lords*, *Ladies* and *Squires*, some of whom have lost their whole Estates, others the most Part, others again have laid themselves under such Difficulties, that their annual Income has fallen very short to supply them with the common Necessaries of Life, so that they have been obliged to live upon the Credit of the ensuing Year.

AND as for Ladies whose Pride would not permit them to be so obliged to their Creditors, they either pawn their Household Moveables, or sell (what next to Gaming, goes nearest to their Heart) their very *Paraphernalia*; but this I must remark, has happened chiefly among those, who have been seduced as *Cullies* to the fashionable Game of *Quadrille*. It will not be here foreign to my Purpose, to write down some few *Inventories* of Goods, lately hawked about by trusty *Chambermaids*.

BELONGING to Lady FLAVIA near
Stephen's-Green,

1 Diamond Necklace, 1 Pair of Diamond Ear-Rings, 3 Diamond Rings, and a Gold Watch with Trinkets.

To Mrs. DORINDA of Dawson-street,

2 large Silver Cups, 3 Salvers, 2 Pair of Candlesticks, 1 Silver Sauce-Pan.

To Madam CLOE in Service-Street,

2 Birth-Day Suits, 1 Piece of French Damask, broad green Stripe, with white Flowers,

ers, pawned for nine Pounds; 4 Damask Table-Cloths, and a Dozen of Napkins.

To Madam LIBERIA of College-Green,
A fine wrought Coverlet of a Bed, a Picture of her Husband's Father and Mother set in Gold, a Gold Snuff-Box, a Dozen of Silver Spoons, a Child's Bells and Coral.

I HAVE had an Account of many more, but this is full enough to answer my Design, for I intend only by this Discovery, that their Husbands should add a little more to their pin-Money, and thereby enable them to pay their Debts of Honour, in a less scandalous Way.

Indeed it would not be amiss, if Husbands should make Use of their Authority, at least to regulate one Circumstance, that is, to bring their Wives to be content with two Hours Play, instead of twelve in the four and twenty; because some Inconveniencies attend it, the Servants having all that Time to themselves to intrigue, to junket, to filch and steal,

to pawn the inferior Moveables of the Pantry and Kitchen, and lastly, to corrupt the Children, by teaching them Cursing, Swearing, Lying and Lewdness, which in all Probability may bring both Ruin and Disgrace to their Family.

It is very well known, that among the great and fashionable People of former Ages, they very rarely had Recourse to Gaming. We read that *Artaxerxes*, *Cato* and *Augustus*, did sometimes divert themselves this Way; but I cannot recollect, that ever the *Ladies* entered into it at all, their Amusements being rather the *Needle* and the *Loom*; for which their Perfections are celebrated by the oldest and best Poet of the World. The Men of any Consequence, passed their Evenings in learned and agreeable Conversation, such as tended to make them wiser and better; for which I appeal to the *Symposiacks* of *Plato*, the *Feast* of *Xenophon*, and those Accounts given by *Macrobius*: and to bring the Mat-
ter

ter nearer to our own Times, the People of the greatest Consequence in these *British* Isles, have chosen rather to pass away their Evenings in polite Discourses with one another; and I should think that I failed in a due Veneration for their Memories, if I should pass their Names over in Silence. The celebrated Lord *Falkland*, Earl *Carnarvan*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Waller*, Sir *John Sucklin*; and among the conversible Ladies, the Countesses of *Bedford*, *Carlisle*, *Devonshire*, and several others. This Way of Improvement is elegantly described by *Horace*.

Ergo

*Sermo dritur, non de villis domibusve alienis;
Nec malè necne Lepos saltat: sed quod magis
ad nos
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus; u-
trumne
Dimittis homines, an sint virtute beati?
Quidve ad amicitias, usus, rectumue trahat nos?
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque, quid ejus?*

THUS

THUS after plain Repast, each cheerful
Guest,

With useful Conversation crowns the Feast;
Not trifling Chat, on this, or t'other Place,
Or *Lepos* dancing with a better Grace;

But what is more Concern to human Kind,
To mend our Manners, and improve the
Mind,

On *Philosophick Questions* wisely bent:

As whether Wealth or Virtue gives Content;

What Cause directs us in the Choice of
Friends,

Our private Int'rest, or more noble Ends;

What Road to chuse, what End we should
pursue,

And how to keep the Good supreme in View.

For my own Part I could rather wish,
and I believe many Husbands would agree
with me, that the Ladies would rather em-
ploy themselves, as *Juvenal* describes those
in his Time, in fighting Prizes upon a pub-
lick Stage, whereby they would at least
discover

discover their Activity and their Courage, in a much more becoming Manner, than (according to the present Practice) pulling off Coifs upon a Wrangle at *Quadrille*. The Ancients did so far abhor any Excess in Gaming, that *Aristotle* in his fourth Book of *Ethicks*, at the latter End of the first Chapter, places *Tyrants*, *Gamesters* and *Robbers* in one Glass, their Dispositions being exactly the same. For who ever yet knew a right Gamester that was not apt to insult upon Success, or to pillage all before him upon every Advantage? The Author I have now mention'd styles them very justly *αἰχμανοποιεῖς*. I wish the *Ladies* understood *Greek*; we have no *English* Word expressive enough to explain it: The nearest Meaning I can think of is *base Gamblers*. And what can be baser, than to sit down deliberately with a Friend, either at his House, or my own, with an Intention to pick his Pocket, by a lucky Throw of a Dye, or a Cast of a Card? This has been

been frequently the Practice. However, I shall content my self with a Relation of one Fact, because it is somewhat singular in its Kind.

BRYANIA the *Virago*, one Evening invited the beautiful *Morisda* to a Game of Cards at her House, which the latter declined, as having neither Skill, nor Inclination, nor Money for Play; yet by much Importunity was prevailed on to sup with her; soon after BRYANIA calls for a Pack of Cards, and told the poor innocent Lady she would instruct her in a Game, which a Child of four Years old might learn in four Minutes; to this the complying good-natured *Morisda* willingly consented, upon her Friend's telling her she might lose very little by low Playing at this Game. Accordingly they fix'd upon upon three Pence a Counter. They had not played above three Hours, when the poor *Girl* was told she had lost about a trifle of twenty Guineas. Being not able to command twenty Shillings

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ings in the World, she took her Leave in great Confusion and Grief, promising to discharge the Debt in a little Time. The unmerciful BRYANIA dunned her the Day following, and so continued for a Week. This put the poor indigent Lady upon trying all Friends. In the mean Time, the following Letter was written to her, which I have transcribed with the strictest Justice to the Writer.

MADDUM,

I Donat undarstand your Tretmint in givin me they Troble off Sendin so offen forr that Trisil wich youe losst too me tuther nit If youe doo nott sende itt bye they berer I a shuar youe I wil rite too youar husband forv itt, Maddum, I amm, &c.

THIS terrible Letter put the poor Lady to her last Shifts (nor is it a wonder it should, her Husband being the greatest Bear living) which was to borrow Money of

of a certain Colonel, and this, uncharitable People did misinterpret for a valuable Consideration.

THE fifth Loss, I mentioned, was that of Temper. If any one doubts the Truth of this Position, I refer him to the Groom-Porters and Lucas's Coffee-House, where the only Virtuofos of the gaming Science are daily and nightly to be seen. If Blaspheming, Cursing, Swearing, Duelling, Running of Heads against the Wall, Throwing Hats and Wigs in the Fire, Distortions of the Countenance, Biting of Nails, Burning of Cards, Breaking of Dice-Boxes, can be called a Loss of Temper, they are found in the aforesaid Places, in the highest Degree of Perfection. And to make out the last and greatest Loss, which is, *The Loss of Life*.

I have according to the best of my Memory, heard of no less than seven or eight worthy Gentlemen of the Trade, within a very few Years, upon some hasty Words and Blows, given at some of these Gaming

ming Tables, retire from their Company, and one of them bringing in the News of the other's Death in about six Minutes.

UPON the whole, I cannot but remark, That Gaming proceeds from three Qualities of the basest Kind, *Avarice, Laziness,* and *Ignorance*; for it must undoubtedly be a Thirst after Gain, which is a Motive to high Playing; and for the Lazy and Ignorant (if they play low) I am more willing to indulge them, because they have naturally better Talents for *sitting* and *trifling*, than wholesome bodily Exercise, or spending the Evenings in a Way of Conversation, agreeable to *Rational Creatures*.

I SHALL end this Paper with a very useful Remark. *Plato* is my Author, that the *Dæmon* THEUTH was the Inventor of Dice, (the Ladies know well enough that Devil and *Dæmon* are the same) and the Vulgar have it by Tradition, that *Cards* are the Devil's own Invention, for which Reason, Time out of Mind, they are and have

have been called the *Devil's Books*; therefore I cannot but say, after this Information given, if Gamesters will not desist, they are undoubtedly at the *Devil's Devotion*.

~~THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME~~

NUMBER V.

Describ'd it's thus: Defin'd it would you have?

Then the World's honest, Men's on arrant Knave.

BEN. JOHNSON.

THERE is no *Talent* so useful towards rising in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally possessed by the dullest Sort of People, and is in common Speech call'd *Discretion*, a Species of lower Prudence, by the Assistance of which, People of the meanest Intellectuals, with-

out

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out any other Qualification, pass through the World in great Tranquillity, and with universal good Treatment, neither giving nor taking Offence. *Courts* are seldom unprovided of Persons under this Character, on whom, if they happen to be of great Quality, most Employments, even the Greatest naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in such Promotions, no Body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this I could prove by several Instances, within my own Memory (for I say nothing of present Times.)

AND indeed as Regularity and Forms are of great Use in carrying on the Business of the World, so it is very convenient, that Persons endued with this Kind of Discretion, should have that Share which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no Means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius, Learning, strong Comprehension, Quickness of Conception, Magnanimity, Generosity, Sagacity*, or any other

other superior Gift of human Minds. Because this Sort of *Discretion*, is usually attended with a strong Desire of Money, and few Scruples about the Way of obtaining it, with servile Flattery and Submission, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to dispose of Favour and Preferment; having no Measure for Merit and Virtue in others, but those very Steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least Intention of doing Good or Hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be subservient to their own Security or Interest. Thus being void of all Friendship and Enmity, they never complain or find Fault with the Times, and indeed never have Reason to do so.

MEN of eminent Parts and Abilities as well as Virtues do sometimes rise in the *Courts*, sometimes in the *Law*, and sometimes, even in the *Church*. Such were the

Lord

Lord *Bacon*, the Earl of *Strafford*, Archbishop *Laud* in the Reign of King *Charles I.* and others in our own Times, whom I shall not name ; but these, and many more, under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were *Disgraced* or *Banished*, or *suffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and superior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and Distresses of State (wanting a reasonable Infusion of this Aldermanly Discretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

THIS evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an One occurs ; if what a certain Writer observes, be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him.* And thus although he employs his *Talents* wholly in his Closet, without in-

terfering

terfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice, he is sure to raise the Hatred of the noisy Croud, who envy him the quiet Enjoyment of himself. What must such an one expect when he ventures out to seek for Preferment in a Court, but universal Opposition? When he is mounting the Ladder, every Hand will be ready to turn him off, as soon as he is at the Top? In this Point Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and Spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy Bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater Velocity, in Proportion to their Weight; but we find Fortune every Day acting just the Reverse of this.

THIS Talent of *Discretion*, as I have described it in its several Adjuncts and Circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the *Clergy*, to whose Preferment nothing is so fatal as the Character of Wit, Politeness

liteness in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with Persons of high Stations and Eminency; these Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of all Ranks, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the last Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergyman*: To this I may add a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual Promotions.

I HAVE known indeed a few Exceptions to some Parts of these Regulations. I have seen some of the dullest Men alive aiming at Wit, and others with as little Pretensions affecting Politeness in Manners and Discourse; but never being able to persuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into considerable Stations, upon the firm Assurance which all People had of their *Discretion*, because they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Disad-

D

vantage.

vantage. But this I confess is a Tryal too dangerous often to engage in.

THERE is a known Story of a *Clergyman*, who was recommended for a Preferment by some great Men at Court, to *A. B. C. T.* His Grace said, he had heard that the *Clergymen* used to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober Game at Whisk for Pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked Swobbers, and it was with some Pains that my Lord S——rs could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may suppose that great Pr—— ascended so high, or what Sort of Qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his Patronage, or would probably recommend to Court for the Government of *Distant Churches*?

Two *Clergymen* in my Memory stood Candidates for a small *Free-School* in —*Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Interest in the Country, who happened to have a
better

better Understanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him, who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Person of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Parish; the other being disappointed came up to *London*, where he became the greatest Pattern of this lower *Discretion* that I have known, and possessed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldness of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him safe through many Difficulties; and he lived and died in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obscure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

THIS Species of *Discretion*, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man safe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, so far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermost, his Claim is generally allowed for a Share of what is going. And

the Thing seems to me highly reasonable: For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the Ballast of those, whom the World calls *Moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Discretion*, whom People in Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest Roads without Danger of foundring, or breaking their Backs, and will be sure to find them neither resty nor vicious.

In some following Paper, I will give the Reader a short History of two *Clergymen* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progress of their Fortunes in the World. By which the Force of worldly Discretion, and the bad Consequences from the Want of that Virtue will strongly appear.

D. Swift.

NUMBER 1

NUMBER VI.

O patria! O divum domus!

WHEN I travel through any Part of this unhappy Kingdom, and I have now by several Excursions made from Dublin, gone through most Counties of it, it raises two Passions in my Breast of a different Kind; an Indignation against those vile Betrayers and Insulters of it, who insinuate themselves into Favour, by saying, it is a rich Nation; and a *sincere Passion* for the Natives, who are sunk to the lowest Degree of Misery and Poverty, whose Houses are Dunghills, whose Victuals are the Blood of their Cattle, or the Herbs in the Field; and whose Cloathing, to the Dishonour of God and Man, is Nakedness. Yet notwithstanding all the dismal Appearances, it is the common Phrase of an upstart Race of People, who have suddenly sprung up like

like the *Dragon's Teeth* among us, That *Ireland was never known to be so rich as it is now*; by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean Themselves, for they have skipt over the Channel from the Vantage Ground of a Dunghil upon no other Merit, either visible or divineable, than that of not having been born among us.

THIS is the modern Way of planting Colonies——*Et ubi Solitudinem faciunt, id Imperium vocant.* When those who are so unfortunate to be born here, are excluded from the meanest Preferments, and deem'd incapable of being entertain'd even as common Soldiers, whose poor Stipend is but four Pence a Day: No Trade, no Emoluments, no Encouragement for Learning among the Natives, who yet by a perverse Consequence are divided into Factions, with as much Violence and Rancour, as if they had the Wealth of the *Indies* to contend for. It puts me in Mind of a *Fable* which I read in a *Monkish* Author. He
quotes

quotes for it one of the *Greek* Mythologists that once upon a Time a Colony of large Dogs (called the *Molossi*) transplanted themselves from *Epirus* to *Ætolia*, where they seized those Parts of the Countries, most fertile in Flesh of all Kinds, obliging the native Dogs to retire from their best Kennels, to live under Ditches and Bushes; but to preserve good Neighbourhood and Peace; and finding likewise, that the *Ætolian* Dogs might be of some Use in the low Offices of Life, they passed a Decree, that the Natives should be entitled to the *Short Ribs, Tips of Tails, Knuckle-Bones*, and Guts of all the Game, which they were obliged by their Masters to run down. This Condition was accepted, and what was a little singular, while the *Molossian* Dogs kept a good Understanding among themselves, living in Peace and Luxury, these *Ætolian Curs* were perpetually snarling, grouling, barking and tearing out each others Throats: Nay,

sometimes those of the best Quality among them, were seen to quarrel with as much Rancor for a rotten Gut, as if it had been a fat Haunch of Venison. But what need we wonder at this in *Dogs*, when the same is every Day practised among *Men*?

LAST Year I travelled from *Dublin* to *Dundalk*, through a Country esteemed the most fruitful Part of this Kingdom, and so Nature intended it. But no Ornaments or Improvements of such a Scene were visible. No Habitations fit for Gentlemen, no Farmers Houses, few Fields of Corn, and almost a bare Face of Nature, without new Plantations of any Kind, only a few miserable Cottages, at three or four Miles Distance, and one Church in the Centre between this City and *Drogheda*. When I arriv'd at this last Town, the first mortifying Sight was the Ruins of several Churches, batter'd down by that *Usurper*, *Cromwell*, whose *Fanatick Zeal* made more Desolation in a few Days, than the Piety
of

of succeeding Prelates or the Wealth of the Town have, in more than sixty Years, attempted to repair.

PERHAPS the Inhabitants, thro' a high Strain of Virtue, have, in Imitation of the *Athenians*, made a solemn Resolution, never to rebuild those sacred Edifices, but rather leave them in Ruins, as Monuments, to perpetuate the detestable Memory of that hellish Instrument of Rebellion, Desolation and Murther. For the *Athenians*, when *Mardonius* had ravaged a great Part of *Greece*, took a formal Oath at the *Isthmus*, to lose their Lives rather than their Liberty, to stand by their Leaders to the last, to spare the Cities of such Barbarians as they conquered. And what crown'd all, the Conclusion of their Oath was, *We will never repair any of the Temples, which they have burned and destroyed, that they may appear to Posterity as so many Monuments of these wicked Barbarians.* This was a glorious Resolution; and I am sorry to think,

that the Poverty of my Country-Men will not let the World suppose, they have acted upon such a generous Principle; yet upon this Occasion I cannot but observe, that there is a Fatality in some Nations, to be fond of those who have treated them with the least Humanity. Thus I have often heard the Memory of *Cromwell*, who has depopulated, and almost wholly destroyed this miserable Country, celebrated like that of a Saint, and at the same Time the Sufferings of the Royal Martyr turned into Ridicule, and his Murder justified even from the Pulpit, and all this done with an Intent to gain Favour, under a *Monarchy*; which is a new Strain of Politicks that I shall not pretend to account for.

EXAMINE all the Eastern Towns of *Ireland*, and you will trace this horrid Instrument of Destruction, in defacing of Churches, and particularly in destroying whatever was ornamental, either within or without

out them. We see in the several Towns a very few Houses scattered among the Ruins of thousands, which he laid level with their Streets; great Numbers of Castles, the Country Seats of Gentlemen then in Being, still standing in Ruin, Habitations for *Bats*, *Daws* and *Owls*, without the least Repairs or Succession of other Buildings. Nor have the Country Churches, as far as my Eyes could reach, met with any better Treatment from him, nine in ten of them lying among their Graves and God only knows when they are to have a Resurrection. When I passed from *Dundalk* where this cursed *Usurper's* handy Work is yet visible, I cast mine Eyes around from the Top of a Mountain, from whence I had a wide and a waste Prospect of several venerable Ruins. It struck me with a Melancholly, not unlike that expressed by *Cicero* in one of his Letters which being much upon the like Prospect, and concluding with a very necessary Reflec-

tion on the Uncertainty of Things in this World, I shall here insert a Translation of what he says. In my Return from Asia, as I sailed from Agina, towards Megara, I began to take a Prospect of the several Countries round me. Behind me was Agina; before me Megara; on the right Hand the Piræus; and on the left was Corinth; which Towns were formerly in a most flourishing Condition; now they lye prostrate and in Ruin. Thus I began to think with myself: Shall we who have but a trifling Existence, express any Resentment, when one of us either dies a natural Death, or is slain, whose Lives are necessarily of a short Duration, when at one View I behold the Carcasses of so many great Cities? What if he had seen the Natives of those free Republicks, reduced to all the miserable Consequences of a conquer'd People, living without the common Defences against Hunger and Cold, rather appearing like Spectres than Men? I am apt to think, that seeing his Fellow Creatures in Ruin like
 1 this

this, it would have put him past all Patience for philosophick Reflection.

As for my own Part, I confess, that the Sights and Occurrences which I had in this my last Journey, so far transported me to a Mixture of Rage and Compassion, that I am not able to decide, which had the greater Influence upon my Spirits; for this new Cant, of a rich and flourishing Nation, was still uppermost in my Thoughts; every Mile I travelled, giving me such ample Demonstrations to the contrary. For this Reason, I have been at the Pains to render a most exact and faithful Account of all the visible Signs of Riches, which I met with in sixty Miles riding through the most publick Roads, and the best Part of the Kingdom. First, As to Trade, I met nine Cars loaden with old musty, shriveled Hides; one Car-Load of Butter; four Jockeys driving eight Horses, all out of Case; one Cow and Calf driven by a Man and his Wife; six tattered

rattered Families sitting to be shipped off to the *West-Indies*; a Colony of a hundred and fifty Beggars, all repairing to people our Metropolis, and by encreasing the Number of Hands, to encrease its Wealth, upon the old Maxim, that People are the Riches of a Nation, and therefore ten thousand Mouths, with hardly ten Pair of Hands, or hardly any Work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flourishing People. Secondly, Travellers enough, but seven in ten wanting Shirts and Cravats; nine in ten going bare Foot, and carrying their Brogues and Stockings in their Hands; one Woman in twenty having a Pillion, the rest riding bare Back'd: Above two hundred Horse-Men, with four Pair of Boots amongst them all; Seventeen Saddles of Leather (the rest being made of Straw) and most of their Garrons only shod before. I went into one of the principal Farmer's Houses out of Curiosity, and his whole Furniture

Furniture consisted of two Blocks for Stools, a Bench on each Side the Fire-Place made of Turf, six Trenchers, one Bowl, a Pot, six Horn Spoons, three Noggins, three Blankets, one of which served the Man and Maid Servant; the other the Master of the Family, his Wife and five Children; a small Churn, a wooden Candlestick, a broken Stick for a Pair of Tongs. In the publick Towns, one third of the Inhabitants walking the Street bare Foot; Windows half built up with Stone, to save the Expence of Glass, the broken Panes up and down supplied by brown Paper, few being able to afford white; in some Places they were stopped with Straw or Hay. Another Mark of our Riches, are the Signs at the several Inns upon the Road, *viz.* In some, a Staff stuck in the Thatch, with a Turf at the End of it; a Staff in a Dunghil with a white Rag wrapped about the Head; a Pole, where they can afford it, with a Beesom

Beefom at the Top; an Oatmeal Cake on a Board in a Window; And, at the principal Inns of the Road, I have observed the Signs taken down and laid against the Wall near the Door, being taken from their Post to prevent the shaking of the House down by the Wind. In short, I saw not not one single House, in the best Town I travelled through, which had not manifest Appearances of Beggary and Want. I could give many more Instances of our Wealth, but I hope these will suffice for the End I propose.

It may be objected, What Use it is of to display the Poverty of the Nation, in the Manner I have done. I answer, I desire to know for what Ends, and by what Persons, this new Opinion of our flourishing State has of late been so industriously advanced: One Thing is certain, that the Advancers have either already found their own Account, or have been heartily promised, or at least have been entertained with

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with Hopes, by seeing such an Opinion pleasing to those who have it in their Power to reward.

It is no doubt a very generous Principle in any Person to rejoice in the Felicities of a Nation, where themselves are Strangers or Sojourners: But if it be found that the same Persons on all other Occasions express a Hatred and Contempt of the Nation and People in General, and hold it for a Maxim — *That the more such a Country is humbled, the more their own will rise*; it need be no longer a Secret, why such an Opinion, and the Advancers of it are encouraged. And besides, if the Bayliff reports to his Master, that the Ox is fat and strong, when in Reality it can hardly carry its own Legs, is it not natural to think, that Command will be given, for a greater Load to be put upon it?

NUMBER

NUMBER VII.

—*Probitas laudatur & alget.*

CORUSODES at Oxford Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never absent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his College after Tom had toll'd. He spent every Day ten Hours in his Closet, in reading his Courses, Dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which last he performed to Admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the Expence of others, with College Ale, and at those Seasons was always most Devout. He wore the same Gown five Years without dragling or tearing. He never once looked into a Play-Book or a Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the same Cadence, but with a very different

different Taste. He never understood a Jest, or had the least Conception of Wit.

FOR one Saying he stands in Repown to this Day. Being with some other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company said so many pleasant Things, that the rest were much diverted, only *Corusodes* was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry Companion aside, and said, *Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our Friends laughing, that you spoke many Jest, and you could not but observe my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour, I never make a Jest my self, nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

CORUSODES thus endowed got into Holy Orders, having by the most extreme Parsimony saved thirty four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowship, went up to London, where his Sister was a Waiting Woman to a Lady, and so good a Solicitor, that by her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day,
at

at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of gross Flattery, both in and out of Season; he would shake the Butler by the Hand; he taught the Page his *Catechism*, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In short, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to some other Noble House, by which his Revenue (beside Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Sister procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a small Design of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordship's Sollicitation he got a Lectureship in Town of sixty Pounds a Year; where he preached constantly in Person, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Ecclesiastick, and the Matter (such as it was) well suited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after, a Country Living fell in my Lord's Disposal, and his Lordship, who had now
some

some Encouragement given him of Success in his Amour, bestowed the Living on *Corusodes*, who still kept his Lectureship and Residence in Town, where he was a constant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his own frequent pious Exhortations. If any Woman of better Fashion in the Parish happened to be absent from Church, they were sure of a Visit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select Number of Poor, constantly attending at the Street Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common Solicitor to his former Patroness, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the Money. As a Person of Quality's House, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the most distant Chair. His whole Memeanor was formal and starched, which adhered

adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest Promotion.

HIS Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the most abject Affiduity, and his Sister being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Corusodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Parish in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church*.

HE paid his *Curates* punctually, at the lowest Sallery, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who taught him to put out small Sums at *ten per Cent*, and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley*. By her Dexterity, he sold the Clerkship of his Parish, when it became vacant.

HE kept a miserable House, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his Book

or visiting the Sick, or doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Parish.

He treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a most sanctified Pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their first Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large Allowance to the Laity of high Rank, or great Riches, using neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults: He was never sensible of the least Corruption in *Courts, Parliaments* or *Ministries*, but made the most favourable Constructions of all publick Proceedings; and Power, in whatever Hands or whatever Party, was always secure of his most charitable Opinion. He had many whole-some Maxims ready to excuse all Miscarriages of State; *Men are but Men; Erunt vitia donec homines*; and *Quod supra nos, nihil ad nos*; with several others of equal Weight.

It

It would lengthen my Paper beyond Measure to trace out the whole System of his Conduct; his dreadful Apprehensions of Popery; his great Moderation towards Dissenters of all Denominations, with hearty Wishes, that by yielding somewhat on both Sides, there might be a general Union among Protestants; in short, inoffensive Sermons in his Turns at Court, and the Matter exactly suited to the present Juncture of prevailing Opinions. The Arts he used to obtain a Mitre, by writing against Episcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating or defending the Murder of a martyred Prince.

ENDOWED with all these Accomplishments, we leave him in the full Career of Success, mounting fast towards the Top of the Ladder Ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one single Virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taste*, *Judgment*

ment or *Genius*, and in his *Grandeur* naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose Accomplishments most resemble his own ; except his beloved Sons, Nephews or other Kindred be in Competition, or lastly except his Inclinations be diverted by those who have Power to mortify or further advance him.

EUGENIO set out from the same University, and about the same Time with *Corusodes* ; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately possessed with a *Talent* for *Poetry*, on which Account he received many chiding Letters from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*. He could never procure himself to be chosen Fellow ; for it was objected against him, that he had written Verses, and particularly some wherein he glanced at a certain

E

Reverend

Reverend Doctor, famous for Dullness; That he had been seen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a Dozen of both Sexes.

He was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but small Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to seek his Fortune: He got into Orders, and became Reader in a Parish Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carried by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will's Coffee-House*, frequented in those Days by Men of Wit, where, in some Time he had the bad Luck to be distinguished. His scanty Salary compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Cassock, and now and then forced him to write some Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to supply his Necessities. He was a thousand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends to great Persons,

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as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deserved Encouragement, and received a thousand Promises; but his Modesty and a generous Spirit, which disdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were sure to be never out of Sight.

HE had an excellent Faculty in Preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own Way of thinking and reasoning.

WHEN upon the Vacancy of Preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising Lord, he received the usual Answer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before. And he had only this Comfort left, that every Body said, it was a thousand Pities something could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio*.

THE Remainder of his Story will be dispatched in a few Words: Wearied with

weak Hopes, and weaker Pursuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derby-Shire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicarage worth annually sixty Pound, in the most desert Parts of *Lincoln-Shire*; where, his Spirit quite sunk with those Reflections that Solitude and Disappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguish'd and forgotten, only some of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*

D. Swift.





NUMBER VIII.

Par coeatque pari.

HAVING lately had an Account, that a certain Person of some Distinction swore in a publick Coffee-House, that Party should never dye whilst he lived (although it has been the Endeavour of the best and wisest among us, to abolish the ridiculous Appellations of *Whig* and *Tory*, and entirely to turn our Thoughts to the Good of our *Prince* and *Constitution* in Church and State) I hope those who are Well-wishers to our Country, will think my Labour not ill bestowed, in giving this Gentleman's Principles the proper Embellishments which they deserve; and since mad *Mullinix* is the only *Tory* now remain-

ing, who dares own himself to be so ; I desire I may not be censured by those who are of his Party, for making him hold a Dialogue with one of less Consequence on t'other Side. I shall not venture so far as to give the *Christian Nickname* of the Person chiefly concerned, lest I should give Offence ; for which Reason I shall call him *Timothy*, and leave the rest to the Conjecture of the World.

MAD MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

M. **I** OWN 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee, *Tim*, why all this
Clutter ?

Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites* ?
When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found ;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— Damn the
Lyars.

M. The

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over.
To our Illustrious House of *Hanover*.
From all their Conduct this is plain;
And then—

T. G— Damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of Publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets!
(*aside.*)

T. Did not an able Statesman Bishop
This dang'rous horrid Motion dish up
As *Papish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?
Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

M. In every A— you run your Snout,
To find this damn'd *Pretender* out,
While all the silly Wretch can do,
Is but to frisk about like you.

But, *Tim*, convinced by your Persuasion,
 I yield there might be an Invasion,
 And you, who ever f—— in vain,
 Can f—— his Navy back again.

T. Z——ds, Sir.

M. But to be short and serious,
 For long Disputes will only weary us ;
 These wrangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
 The Wrong is certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing ;
 Your Faction, when their Game was new,
 Might want such noisy Fools as you ;
 But you, when all the Show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out the last ;
 Like *Martin Marall*, gaping on,
 Not minding when the Song was done.
 When all the *Bees* were gone to settle,
 You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
 The Leaders whom you listed under,
 Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the
 Plunder,

And

And when the War is past, you come
 To rattle in their Ears your Drum :
 And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
 Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes ;
 So thou art grown the Detestation
 Of all thy Party through the Nation ;
 Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
 With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason ;
 Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
 Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State grimace,
 Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
 Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)
 Have made thy Presence, in a true Sense,
 To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,
 That when they have you in their Eye,
 As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend, *Mullinix*, forbear,
 I vow to G—— you're too severe :

If it could ever yet be known,
 I took Advice, except my own,
 It shou'd be yours : But, D—— my Blood,
 I must pursue the Publick Good :
 The Faction (is it not notorious ?)
 Keck at the Memory of *Glorious* :
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
 My *quandam* Friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a Creature can be found,
 To prance with me the Statue round :
 The publick Safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me ;
 And while this vital Breath I blow,
 Or from above, or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
 The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the Matter quite,
 The *Tories* ! you are their Delight ;
 And should you act a different Part,
 Be grave and wise, 'twould break their
 Heart :

Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
 And often see a Puppet-show ;

Observe,

Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
 While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene:
 But when they hear his rusty Voice,
 With what Impatience they rejoice!
 And then they value not two Straws,
 How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
 Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*,
 Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor*;
 Shou'd *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,
 Enter the Stage; they never mind him;
 If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shews
 In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again,
 O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!
 You, ev'ry Moment, think an Age,
 'Till he appears upon the Stage;
 And first his Bum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap:
 The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd;
 Reviles all People in his Jargon,
 And sells the *King of Spain* a Bargain;
 St. *George* himself he plays the Wag on,
 And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;

He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks;
 In every Action thrusts his Nose,
 The Reason why, no Mortal knows.
 In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
 There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
 But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd;
 While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
 How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
 Who in the Motion have no Share,
 But purely come to hear and stare;
 Have no Concern for *Sabra's* Sake,
 Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,
 Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)
 Be soundly mawl'd, and plagues the rest.

THUS, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet-shows;
 Where petulant conceited Fellows
 Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
 So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble
 in;

You

You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
To interrupt all serious Matter,
Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a Man;
But then, the Lookers on, the *Tories*,
You still divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd consent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Toil what hast thou got?
If *Tories* must have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at *Court*.

T. Got? D—— my Blood, *I frank my
Letters,*

Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And simple as I now stand here,
Expect in Time to be a Peer.
Got? D— me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still:

I f—t

I f—t with twenty Ladies by ;
 They call me Beast, and what care I ?
 I bravely call the *Tories*, *Jacks*,
 And Sons of Whores—behind their Backs ;
 But could you bring me once to think,
 That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
 Revile, and slander, fume and storm,
 Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
 With such a constant, loyal Zeal,
 To serve my self and Common-weal,
 And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
 I did but lose my precious Breath,
 And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
 Am, as you tell me, but their May-game,
 Consume my Vitals, they shall know,
 I am not to be treated so,
 I'd rather hang my self by half,
 Than give those Rascals Cause to laugh.
 But how, my Friend, can I endure,
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure ?
 No little Boys and Girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a passing by.

No

No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up a *Party Hatred*.
Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Hollooe*?
Must all my D—mee's, Bl—s, and W—ds,
Pass only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory Rascals* be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, a *Plot*, a *Plot*,
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a Spy?
Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you see the Case is nice:
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to please this thankless Town!
Or blest'd with such engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-Boys Hearts!
Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
Attended by the *Sable-Guard*,
Charm'd by thy Voice the 'Prentice drops
The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops;

Thy

Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the Cinder-picking Fair.

M, No more—In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection :
Your Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my Counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your Habit to your Phiz ;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* says, *optat Ephippia* ;
There's *Latin* too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr.—
I have a Coat at home, that you may try,
'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.
My Hat has much the nicer Air,
Your Block will fit it to a Hair :
That Wig, I would not for the World,
Have it so formal, and so curl'd,
'Twill be so oily, and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a Week !
You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
The Figure of *Toupee* and *Snake* :

Thus

Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:
Be careful as you walk behind,
Use all the Talents of your Mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mien and Gate;
Mark my Address, and learn my Style,
When to look scornful, when to smile,
Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
But keep you Swearing to the last.
Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City:
The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping.
Your Conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some Friends of mine;
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by useful Arts;
Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
Direct the *Zenith* of the Sky;

Some

Some have the City in their Care,
 From noxious Steams to purge the Air ;
 Some teach us, in these dang'rous Days,
 How to walk upright in our Ways ;
 Some whose reforming Hands engage,
 To lash the Lewdness of the Age ;
 Some for the publick Service go,
 Perpetual Envoys to and fro ;
 Whose able Heads support the Weight,
 Of twenty M——rs of State :
 We scorn, for Want of Talk to jabber
 Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber* ;
 Nor are we studious to enquire,
 Who votes for Manours, who for Hire ;
 Our Care is to improve the Mind,
 With what concerns all human Kind ;
 The various Scenes of mortal Life,
 Who beats her Husband, who his Wife ;
 Or how the Bully at a Stroke
 Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn
 broke ;
 One tells the Rise of Cheese and Oatmeal,
 Another when he got a hot Meal ;

One

One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a Scold;
 One shews how bravely *Audouin* dy'd,
 And at the Gallows all deny'd;
 How by the *Almanack* 'tis clear,
 That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. DEAR *Mullinix*, I now lament
 My precious Time, so long mispent,
 By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
 O, introduce me to your Friends!
 For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,
 'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
 I give my self intire to you,
 G— d— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

*of the 8th. I writ only the Verses, very
 incorrect, Jⁿ Swift.*

NUMBER



NUMBER IX.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the Course and Method of educating Youth in this and a neighbouring Kingdom, with the general Success and Consequence thereof, I am come to this Determination, That Education is always the worse in Proportion to the Wealth and Grandeur of the Parents; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole World were now under the Dominion of one Monarch (provided I might be allowed to chuse where he should fix the Seat of his Empire) the only Son and Heir of that Monarch, would be the worst educated Mortal, that ever was born since the Creation; and, I doubt, the same Proportion will hold through all Degrees and Titles, from an Emperor downwards,

downwards, to the common Gentry. I do not say, that this hath been always the Case; for in better Times it was directly otherwise, and a Scholar may fill half his *Greek* and *Roman* Shelves with Authors of the noblest Birth, as well as highest Virtue: Nor, do I tax all Nations at present with this Defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly *Scotland*, under all the Disadvantages of its Climate and Soil, if that Happiness be not rather owing even to those very Disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this Reflection must fix on two Countries, which will be most ready to take Offence, and which of all others it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

BUT there is one Circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: For if, according to the *Postulatum* already laid down, the higher Quality any Youth is of, he is in greater Likelihood to be worse educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep

keep far from the Verge of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

RETRACTING therefore that hazardous *Postulatum*, I shall venture no further at present than to say, that perhaps some additional Care in educating the Sons of Nobility and principal Gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with Softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

IN the mean time, let me ask only two Questions, which relate to a neighbouring Kingdom, from whence the Chief among us are descended, and whose Manners we most affect to follow. I ask first, how it comes about, that for above sixty Years past, the chief Conduct of Affairs in that Kingdom hath been generally placed in the Hands of *Newmen*, with very few Exceptions. The Noblest Blood of *England* having been shed in the grand Rebellion, many great Families became extinct, or supported only by Minors. When the
King

King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved their Education, under the happy Reign of King *James*, or King *Charles I.* of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of *Ormond*, and the Earl of *Southampton*. The Minors have, or had, during the Rebellion and Usurpation, either received too much Tincture of bad Principles from those fanatick Times, or coming to Age at the Restoration, fell into the Vices of that dissolute Reign.

I DATE from this *Æra*, the corrupt Method of Education among us, and the Consequence thereof, in the Necessity the Crown lay under of introducing *Newmen* into the chief Conduct of publick Affairs, or to the Office of what we now call Prime Ministers, Men of Art, Knowledge, Application and Insinuation, merely for Want of a Supply among the Nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good Birth, sometimes younger Brothers,

thers, at other Times such, who although inheriting good Estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with Learning; such under that King, were *Hyde, Bridgman, Clifford, Coonuley, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley-Cooper*: Few or none under the short Reign of King *James II.* Under King *William*; *Sommers, Montague, Churchil, Vernor, Harry Boyle*, and many others: Under the Queen; *Harley, St. John, Harcourt, Trevers*, who indeed were Persons of the best private Families, but unadorn'd with Titles. So in the last Reign, *Mr. Robert Walpole*, was understood for many Years to be Prime Minister, in which Post he still happily continues: His Brother *Horace* is Ambassador Extraordinary to *France*. *Mr. Addison* and *Mr. Cragg*, without the least Allowance to support them, have been Secretaries of State.

If the Facts have been thus for above sixty Years past (whereof I could with a little further Recollection produce many more

more Instances) I would ask again, how it hath happened, that in a Nation plentifully abounding with Nobility, so great Share in the most competent Parts of publick Management, hath been for so long a Period chiefly entrusted to Commoners, unless some Omissions or Defects of the highest Import, may be charged upon those, to whom the Care of educating our Noble Youth hath been committed? For, if there be any Difference between human Creatures in the Point of natural Parts, as we usually call them, it should seem that the Advantage lies on the Side of Children born from noble and wealthy Parents; the same traditional Sloth and Luxury which render their Bodies weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer Motion to the Spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust Issue of meaner Mortals. Add to this, the peculiar Advantages, which all young Noblemen possess, by the Privileges

of their Birth. Such as a free Access to Courts, and an universal Deference paid to their Persons.

BUT as my Lord *Bacon* chargeth it for a Fault on Princes, that they are impatient to compass Ends without giving themselves the Trouble of consulting or executing the Means: So perhaps it may be the Disposition of young Nobles, either from the Indulgence of Parents, Tutors and Governors, or their own Inactivity, that they expect the Accomplishments of a good Education, without the least Expence of Time or Study, to acquire them.

WHAT I said last, I am ready to retract; for the Case is infinitely worse; and the very Maxims set up to direct modern Education, are enough to destroy all the Seeds of Knowledge, Honour, Wisdom and Virtue among us. The current Opinion prevails, that the Study of *Greek* and *Latin* is loss of Time; that publick Schools

by mingling the Sons of Noblemen with those of the Vulgar, engage the former in bad Company; that Whipping breaks the Spirits of Lads well born; that Universities make young Men Pedants; that to dance, fence, speak *French*, and know how to behave your self among great Persons of both Sexes, comprehends *the whole Duty of a Gentleman*.

I CANNOT but think this wise System of Education, hath been much cultivated among us by those Worthies of the Army, who during the last War returning from *Flanders* at the Close of each Campaign, became the Dictators of Behaviour, Dress and Politeness to all those Youngsters, who frequent Chocolate-Coffee-Gaming-Houses, Drawing-Rooms, Opera's, Lovers and Assemblies; where a Colonel by his Bay, Perquisites and Plunder, was qualified to outshine many Peers of the Realm; and by the Influence of an *exotick* Habit and Demeanor, added to other foreign Accomplishments,

plishments, gave the Law to the whole Town, and was copied as the Standard-Pattern of whatever was refined in Dress, Equipage, Conversation, or Diversions.

I REMEMBER in those Times, an admired Original of that Vocation, sitting in a Coffee-House near two Gentlemen, where of one was of the Clergy, who were engaged in some Discourse that favoured of Learning; this Officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the Sentiments of his Fraternity, as well as his own (and probably did so of too many among them) turning to the Clergyman, spoke in the following Manner: *D—n me, Doctor, say what you will, the Army is the only School for Gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French, with Greek and Latin? D—n me, a Scholar when he comes into good Company, what is he but an Ass? D—n me, I would be glad by G—d to see any of your Scholars with his Nouns, and his Verbs, and his Philosophy,*
and

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and Trigonometry, what a Figure he would make at a Siege or Blockade, or rencountering——D—n me, &c. After which he proceeded with a Volley of Military Terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood than any that were ever coined by the Commentators upon *Aristotle*. I would not here be thought to charge the Soldiery with Ignorance and Contempt, without allowing Exceptions, of which I have known many, and some even in this Kingdom; but however, the worse Example, especially in a great Majority, will certainly prevail.

I HAVE heard, that the late Earl of Oxford in the Time of his Ministry, never pass'd by *White's Chocolate-House* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers, and noble Cullies) without bestowing a Curse upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *English* Nobility. I have likewise been told another Passage concerning that great Minister, which, because it gives

an humorous Idea of one principal Ingredient in modern Education, take as followeth. *Le-Sac*, the famous *French*-Dancing-master, in great Admiration, asked a Friend, whether it were true, that Mr. *Harley* was made an Earl and Lord-Treasurer? And finding it confirmed, said; *Well, I wonder what the Devil the Queen could see in him; for I attended him two Years, and he was the greatest Dunce that ever I taught.*

ANOTHER Hindrance to good Education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious Custom in rich and noble Families, of entertaining *French* Tutors in their Houses. These wretched *Pedagogues* are enjoined by the Father, to take special Care that the Boy shall be perfect in his *French*; by the Mother, that *Master* must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other Boys, nor be wet in his Feet, nor daub his Cloaths, and to see that the Dancing-master attends constantly,

ly, and does his Duty; she further insists, that the Child be not kept too long poring on his Book, because he is subject to sore Eyes, and of a weakly Constitution.

By these Methods, the young Gentleman is in every Article as fully accomplished at eight Years old as at eight and twenty, Age adding only to the Growth of his Person and his Vice; so that if you should look at him in his Boy-hood thro' the magnifying End of a Perspective, and in his Manhood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any Difference; the same Airs, the same Strutt, the same Cock of his Hat, and Posture of his Sword (as far as the Change of Fashions will allow) the same Understanding, the same Compass of Knowledge, with the very same Absurdity, Impudence and Impertinence of Tongue.

He is taught from the Nursery, that he must inherit a great Estate, and hath no need to mind his Book, which is a Les-

son he never forgets to the End of his Life. His chief Solace is to steal down, and play at Span-Farthing with the Page, or young Black-a-moor, or little favourite Foot-Boy, one of which is his principal Confident and Bosom-Friend.

THERE is one young Lord in this Town, who, by an unexampled Piece of good Fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the Gulph of Ignorance, confined to a publick School for a due Term of Years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his Comrades, and always their Play-fellow on the same foot, had no Precedence in the School but what was given him by his Merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many Mutinies were bred at this unpresided Treatment, what Complaints among his *Relations*, and other *Great ones* of both Sexes; that his Stockings with Silver Clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his
own

own Hair; that his Dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a Ball or Assembly, nor suffered to go to either: And it was with the utmost Difficulty, that he became qualified for his present Removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with Success, if the Firmness of a very worthy Governor, and his own good Dispositions will not preserve him. I confess, I cannot but wish he may go on in the Way he began, because I have a Curiosity to know by so singular an Experiment, whether Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, Courage and good Sense acquired by a *School* and *College* Education, may not produce a very tolerable Lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those Accomplishments, which in the general Vogue are held so important to the finishing of a Gentleman.

It is true, I have known an Academical Education to have been exploded in publick Assemblies; and have heard more

than one or two Persons of high Rank declare, they could learn nothing more at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, than to drink Ale and smoke Tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred Examples from my own Observation in one of those Universities; but they all were of young Heirs sent thither, only for Form; either from Schools, where they were not suffered by their careful Parents to stay above three Months in the Year; or from under the Management of *French* Family-Tutors, who yet often attended them to their *College*, to prevent all Possibility of their Improvement: But, I never yet knew any one Person of *Quality*, who followed his Studies at the University, and carryed away his just Proportion of Learning, that was not ready upon all Occasions to celebrate and defend that Course of Education, and to prove a Patron of learned Men.

THERE is one Circumstance in a learned
and Edu-

Education, which ought to have much Weight, even with those who have no Learning at all. The Books read at *Schools* and *Colleges*, are full of Incitements to Virtue and Discouragements from Vice, drawn from the wisest Reasons, the strongest Motives, and the most influencing Examples. Thus, young Minds are filled early with an Inclination to Good, and an Abhorrence of Evil, both which encrease in them, according to the Advances they make in Literature; and, although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the Temptations of Youth, and the Opportunities of a large Fortune, into some Irregularities, when they come forward into the great World, it is ever with Reluctance and Compunction of Mind, because their Byass to Virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes out of Infirmitiy or Compliance; but they will soon return to the right Road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those Excesses,

which are too much the Attendants of Youth and warmer Blood; for, as to the Points of Honour, Truth, Justice, and other noble Gifts of the Mind, wherein the Temperature of the Body hath no Concern, they are seldom or never known to be mild.

I HAVE engaged my self very unwarily in too copious a Subject for so short a Paper. The present Scope I would aim at is to prove, that some Proportion of human Knowledge appears requisite to those, who, by their Birth or Fortune, are called to the making of Laws, and in a subordinate Way to the Execution of them; and that such Knowledge is not to be obtained without a Miracle under the frequent, corrupt and sottish Methods, of educating those, who are born to Wealth or Titles. For, I would have it remembred, that I do by no Means confine these Remarks to young Persons of Noble Birth; the same Errors running through all Families, where
there

there is Wealth enough to afford, that their Sons (at least the Eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my Son be a Scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his Learning? By this Rule, if what is commonly said be true, that Money answereth all Things, why should my Son be honest, temperate, just or charitable, since he hath no Intention to depend upon any of these Qualities for a Maintenance?

WHEN all is done, perhaps upon the Whole, the Matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who worketh Good out of Evil, acting only by the ordinary Cause and Rule of Nature, permits this continual Circulation of human Things for his own unsearchable Ends. The Father grows rich by Avarice, Injustice, Oppression; he is a Tyrant in the Neighbourhood over Slaves and Beggars, whom he calls his Tenants. Why should he desire
to

to have Qualities infused into his Son, which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the Want of in the Acquisition of his Wealth? The Son bred in Sloth and Idleness, becomes a Spendthrift, a Cully, a Profligate, and goes out of the World a Beggar, as his Father came in: Thus the former is punished for his own Sins, as well as for those of the latter. The Dunghil having raised a huge Mushroom of short Duration, is now spread to enrich other Mens Lands. It is indeed of worse Consequence, where Noble Families are gone to Decay; because their Titles and Privileges outlive their Estates: And, Politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the Publick, than a numerous Nobility without Merit or Fortune. But even here, God hath likewise prescribed some Remedy in the Order of Nature, so many great Families coming to an End by the Sloth, Luxury, and abandoned Lusts, which

which enervate their Breed through every Succession; producing gradually a more effeminate Race, wholly unfit for Propagation.

J. Swift



NUMBER X.

Magnas componere lites.

Lucas's Coffee-house, July 4.

Mr. *Intelligencer*,

I AM desired to return you the Thanks of this House, for that seasonable Dialogue between *Timothy* and *Mullinix*. You have entirely reconciled them both by it, and thereby given the finishing Stroke to a Party, which gives universal Joy and Satisfaction to all Well-wishers of our Constitution. It was very much lamented, that Men of their extraordinary Talents, and

and who might by their united Interest contribute very much to the good of our Country, should not have a better Understanding between them; because the perpetual Feuds and Animosities which they raised, had like to have proved of the most fatal ill Consequence to this unfortunate, poor divided Nation. Now the Clouds which hung over us, are dispelled; Things begin to clear up; and we have the best Reason to think, by this Union, that we shall be a great and a flourishing People. We are now in a profound Peace. Trade flourishes. — Plenty, which fled from hence to *Scotland*, is returned. — You see Joy and Fatness in every Countenance, especially in those of the Natives. — The younger Sons of Gentlemen, who languished, loitering at Home, for want of Business, are now in a fair Way of Employment. Arts and Sciences begin to revive in our University; that great Nursery of the best Education!

which

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which annually supplies the Pulpit, Bench and Bar, and every other useful Office. All our Nobility and Gentry, who fled to *Great Britain*, to avoid the Civil Broils occasioned by *Tim Cæsar*, and *Mullinix Pompey*, are now returning to live quietly at Home, and to bring a Blessing to their native Soil, by residing in it; which will be a Means to keep our Money at Home; to encourage Agriculture, especially Tillage; and then, *Sing, O be joyful*, we shall all wallow in Wealth, because by this we shall have nine hundred thousand Pounds a Year more in this Nation: These and numberless Advantages beside, we owe to your excellent Paper, which *Tim* himself allows to be written with a very good Intention, although it places him in a ludicrous Light; but he is a Man of such excellent Taste and Temper, that a Jest, when it is finely couched, never gives him the least Offence. This encourages me to let you know, he is very angry at
Mr.

Mr. Gay; for he thinks the Fable of the *Monkey*, which had seen the World, is levelled at him. If you have Leisure to write something merry upon the Occasion, let us have it immediately, and answer this Letter another Time. For, you must know, we are very great Jokers in this *Coffee-House*. There is a little dapper Lord, an Acquaintance of *Tim*'s, will laugh and teize him into his Chair, and home again.

TIM and the FABLES.

M*Y* Meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that *Tim* has travell'd.

In *Lucas*'s by Chance there lay
The *Fables* writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the Volume on a Table,
Read over here and there a *Fable*;
And found as he the Pages twirl'd,
The *Monkey* who had seen the World.

(For

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(For *Tonson* had, to help the Sale,
Prefixt a Cut to ev'ry Tale.)

The *Monkey* was compleatly drest,
The *Beau* in all his *Airs* exprest.

Tim with Surprize and Pleasure staring,
Ran to the Glass, and then comparing
His own sweet Figure with the Print,

Distinguish'd ev'ry Feature in't,
The Twist, the Squeeze, the Rump, the
Fidge an' all,

Just as they lookt in the Original.

By —— says *Tim*, (and let a F——t)

This Graver understood his Art.

'Tis a true Copy, I'll say that for't, •

I well remember when I sat for't.

My very Face, at first I knew it,

Just in this Dress the Painter drew it.

Tim, with his Likeness deeply smitten,

Wou'd read what underneath was writ-
ten,

The merry Tale with Moral grave.

He now began to storm and rave;

The

*The 'cursed Villain! now I see
This was a Libel meant at me;
These Scriblers grow so bold of late,
Against us Ministers of State!
Such Jacobites as he deserve,——
Dammee, I say, they ought to starve.*

Dear *Tim*, no more such angry Speeches,
Unbutton and let down your Breeches,
Tear out the Tale, and wipe your A——,
I know you love to act a *Farce*.

*Of the 10.th only the Verses, & of those
not the four last stanzas by lines, D. Swift.*





NUMBER XI.

— *Ut speciosa dehinc Miracula promat.*

HOR.

Mr. *Intelligencer*,

HAVING but lately met with the following *Proposals* in a Letter to the Author of the *London Journal*, bearing Date *March 30, 1728*, and having the greatest Veneration and Esteem for the *Writer* of it, as well as the best Opinion of his *vast Abilities* for the Undertaking; I hope, I do not come too late, in giving a *helping Hand* to spread it abroad for the *Author's Advantage*, and Benefit of the *Learned World*, by giving it a *Poetick Dress*, which I think would have been much better
from

from *his own Pen*, had he been in a Humour of *versifying*; for he has the most *extraordinary Talents* that Way of any Man now living, except *A. P.* There is a Turn and Beauty of Language, as well as Thought, carried on with the greatest Perspicuity thro' the Whole, much in the Manner of *Voiture*. This I own has been of singular Advantage to me; for the *Easiness* and *Politeness* of his *Prose*, contributed much to the *Smoothness* and *Musick* of my *Verses*, purely owing to my transferring as much of his Expression, as I possibly could, into my Performance. From this elegant *Specimen* of his the World will see what they are to expect from him; at least a vast Deal of *Orthodox Divinity*, *Critical Remarks*, *solid Argument*, *wholesome Instruction*, *clear Information*, with an *entertaining Beauty of Style*, peculiar to the great and learned *S—d—y*. And now I have named him, I need say

no more to recommend the Work but what follows.

Your great Admirer and Well-wisher,

A. B.

To the Author of the LONDON JOURNAL.

Church Street, Sobo.

March 30. 1728.

SIR,

I HAVE published the *Specimen* of a Book entitled, *An universal View of all the eminent Writers on the Holy Scriptures; being a Collection of the Dissertations, Explications, and Opinions of learned Men in all Ages, concerning the difficult Passages and obscure Texts of the Bible; and of whatsoever is to be met with in profane Authors, which may contribute towards the better Understanding of them.*

I BEG the Favour of communicating to the World, by Means of your Paper what I think at present necessary to say towards the

the unfolding my Design in this Work, and to answer the Objections which I have heard made against it.

MOST of the Articles whereof I treat, are at one Time or other made the Subject of common Discourse; and too many Persons who debate in Private on these Points, are unfurnished with proper and rational Materials for such Conversation.

THESE Observations occasioned my forming a Design, to collect into *one View* the chief Sentiments of the best Authors in most Languages on those Subjects, for the Benefit only of common Discourse and Instruction. But when I came to reflect more closely on the Matter, I found, besides my obliging the generality of Readers and my enlarging the Fund of Scriptural Knowledge amongst the unlearned, that I was in a fair Way of doing Service to the learned and more intelligent Part of my Countrymen likewise; because by Means of this Work they wou'd save Abundance

of

of Time, which is now lost, in turning over from Book to Book, and from Page to Page, the numberless Authors which I shall quote; and if any of them are inclined to consult the Originals, I promise to refer them faithfully to the Line and Page. And I began further to conceive, that I should oblige many amongst the learned, by saving them Abundance of Cost and Expence in purchasing several Books, which it will be sufficient for them, to see and hear of, in the Quotations of my *View*.

THE Reader is desired to observe, that there is no *Bibliothèque*, no Collection of this Kind, so compleat, now extant, in any Language, as I shall shew in my general Preface to the Whole; and it must not be forgot, that the *English* want such a Collection, more than most other Christian Nations.

ALL the Objections which I have heard, will be answered by what follows; where-

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by

by those Persons, particularly, will find themselves mistaken, who imagine that the *Immensify of the Work* ought both to terrifie them from encouraging, and me from undertaking it. For I shall not go thro' the whole Bible Verse by Verse, as in the *Specimen*. MOSES's first Chapter is an entire Piece on the *Creation*, and I could not omit one Line of it; but my subsequent Articles will be taken from Books, Chapters and Verses, very distant often from one another: Nay, I shall leave whole Books of the Bible untouch'd, *viz.* such as are Moral or Poetical only, or merely Historical; and I shall take Notice of no Parts of those Books, but such as are very curious and intricate, and have occasioned something extraordinary to be said on them. Besides, it must be considered that I shall omit numberless Authors, on every Subject; and that, without any Dread of Displeasing, or Hopes of pleasing any Sects or Parties of People; and I shall
only

only collect from the most received Authors on every Article, and such as none shall except against for Learning or Abilities, whatever they may do for Opinion.

THE Sentiments of the *Fathers* and ancient *Commentators*, will be sufficiently answered for out of POOLE'S *Synopsis*; for it would be an endless, idle and dusty Work, to contract all their heavy and voluminous Writings; but whatever may be still thought wanting of these Antients, will be supplied even to Satiety, from PETAVIUS, CALMET, and others. Further, nothing could be so disagreeable either to me or to the Reader, as to give a full Detail of all the Stuff that was published Abroad about the Time of, and a long while after the *Reformation*; and it would be more nauseous still to revive what was writ at Home, from the Beginning of the last Century till towards the End of it, and indeed for some part of the Century before it.

BUT, God be thanked, there wanted not great Genius's, who wrote in several Places at the same Times; and if I raise the Work to two large Volumes in *Folio*, with what the learned and bright Part of Mankind alone have left us, I may reasonably expect Forgiveness, for not swelling my Labours into four or more *Folio*'s, by interspersing tedious Observations, and ridiculous, wild and low Expositions.

I SHALL print the two Volumes within a reasonable Time after my Subscriptions come in; for I have my *Additions* and *Amendments*, that are to compleat the *Specimen*, ready and prepared: Which *Specimen* being to be reprinted for the Body of the Work, will, together with what Collections I have by me for succeeding Articles, give me all imaginable Advantage of the Printer, who cannot work at the Press so fast as I can supply him with Copy. Besides which, I have procured
the

the Assistance of some learned Persons to collect for me, and have got so diligent and expert an *Amanuensis*, to transcribe for the Press, that it can never stand still.

I BEG Leave to remark, that besides the Benefit which every *English* Reader of common Sense, will reap by this Undertaking, it will be of more special Service to *young Divines*, who may hereby at the same time procure Variety of Learning, and indulge a studious *Curiosity* at a small Expence; and who by Means of this Collection, will be sufficiently furnished with a *Bibliotheca Sacra*; to which, if they add only POOLE'S *English Annotations* on the *Old*, and HAMMOND'S *Exposition* of the *New Testament*, they will need few other Books for some Years, unless it be a Concordance to understand Scripture.

As to those who object, that such a Variety of Opinions on one Subject, as I shall always produce, will rather confound than

satisfy People, I beg leave to disagree with them : Because every intelligent Person can judge for himself ; and because those of meaner Capacities, may consult others of better Understanding ; every Thing being laid before them in plain *English*.

AND, in Truth, I cannot but esteem such a Work to be, in Justice, due to the Inhabitants of our Islands. Monsieur CALMET gives the following Reason for publishing nine Volumes in Folio, containing not only his own Comments, but *Variety of Opinions*, concerning the difficult Parts of the Bible, viz. that his Country-men might now read in their *own Language*, what has hitherto been conceal'd from them in *Hebrew, Greek, and Latin*.

A NOBLE *Attempt in a Papist* ! And his Work so well executed, that I wish Encouragement were given to have it all translated into *English*.

How-

HOWEVER, tho' CALMET's Religion, and the Laws of his Countrey, would not permit him to quote so freely as he ought ; yet, thank God, we have the Liberty here ; and, I hope, the use I make of it won't want Encouragement, since my Design is the same with CALMET's, viz. publick Information.

HIS Religion, indeed, has no way to subsist, but by the Benefit of *unknown Tongues* ; but the *Truth of Holy Scripture*, and of the *Protestant Religion*, want no *learned Veils* or *Foreign Couvertures*. *English Popery* is much more abominable than the *Romish* !

I WOULD now have it remembred, that I shall produce nothing but what has been publish'd already in some Language or other ; unless, perhaps, some private Piece, very new and extremely curious, should fall in my Way. And I would have those Persons, who are too fearful of my encouraging *Scepticism* by these Books, be-

lieve, that I shall insert no Opinions which give Offence either to *Natural* or *Reveal'd Religion*; my Intent being to establish *Truth*, which can only be done, by comparing different Sentiments on the same Subject.

To let the Reader further into the Nature of my Design, I here present him with the Titles of my Articles, from the *Creation* to the *Deluge*; by which he may form a Judgment of the rest.

1. Of the *Creation*.
2. Of the *Sabbath*.
3. Of the *Paradisaical-State*.
4. Of the *Fall*.
5. Of *Sacrifice*.
6. Of *Cain* and *Enoch*.
7. Of the *Depravity* of *Men*, before the *Flood*.
8. Of the *Deluge*.

I CAN-

I CANNOT make an End, without observing, that I shall neither oppose, nor interfere with the Proposals of Dr. INNES. The Doctor's Work (as I am told) is wholly *Moral*; mine is wholly *Critical*: He designs to make men better; my Aim is to make them wiser.

THE Doctor resolves (as I hear) to pass by whatever has, hitherto, been written, in the *Moral Way* on the Bible, and to moralize anew on it himself. I am in a quite different Train: I shall publish little or nothing of my own, nor shall I produce any one Author in the Doctor's Way of Proceeding.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

JONATHAN SMEDLEY,

G 5

YOU

YOU that would read the Bible, turn all
 To *April 6.* the *London Journal*;
 And by a Letter there you'll see
 How much the Text will owe to me.
 Five thousand Years and more — 'tis odd
 None cou'd explain the Word of GOD!
 Of all the *Learned*, in all Ages,
 Thro' all their long, laborious Pages,
 'Till I, the Top of IRISH DEANS,
 Have made it out with wond'rous Pains.
 I've read the Dev'l and all of Books,
 The World may read 'em in my Looks:
 Above ten Waggon Load at least,
 Within my Skull in order plac't;
 From thence to fally forth anew,
One Universal single View.
 I've likewise ranfack'd Books prophane
 Which I shall muster, to explain
 Whate'er is hid obscure, perplex't,
 As plain as Pike-staff, ev'ry Text.
 Most Articles, whereof I treat,
 Have been the Subject of Debate

Full

Full often o'er a Pot of Ale,
 When I was *Rabby* at *Kinsale*:
 But then, for want of ancient Learning
 The Scripture Sense not well discerning,
 Our Nights were pass'd in great Confusion,
 No Mortal making one *Conclusion*.
 To find a Remedy for this
 I hope it will not be amiss,
 To furnish my Associates *quondam*,
 (That they no more dispute at random)
 With choice collected *Dissertations*,
Answers, Rejoinders, Replications,
 That each may have enough to say,
 And hold the Scripture his own Way.
Profecto legi plus quam satis,
 More Languages than *Mithridates*:
 All which I learn'd (as will appear
 Since I left *Ireland*) in one Year;
 Where such, as knew my Stock, can tell,
 I scarcely cou'd read *English* well:
 In this one Book I've done much more,
 Than all the World has done before;

No *Bibliothèque* that is now extant,
 Has half so well explain'd a Text on't;
 With so much Ease I can command it,
 The greatest Dunce may understand it.
 If any thinks the Work too long
 For one Man's Head, I'll shew he's wrong;
 Because the Way, which I intend,
 Will bring it quickly to an End.
 In *Chapters* here and there I'll dip,
 Whole Books not worth the reading skip,
 Whate'er's *Poetical* or *Moral*,
 To them I have a mortal Quarrel;
 What merely is *Historical*,
 I shall not touch upon at all;
 You'll see me such a *Bible-trimmer*,
 That I'll reduce it to a *Primmer*.
 As for the *Fathers*, they are all met,
 In *Pool*, *Petavius*, and *Calmet*:
 I've read 'em Page by Page, and find
 No gleaning Work for me behind.
 And when I cut one Folio short,
 Will not the Reader thank me for't?

For

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For I have so much *ancient Lore*,
 I could have swell'd 'em into four.
 We wait Subscriptions coming in,
We're just beginning to begin ;
 'Tis this the Printer's sole Pretence is,
 We've *Paper, Types, Amanuensis*,
 And all but what few Pence are owing,
 To set the *Press* and me a going.
 One Thing I beg Leave to remark——
 For *Young Divines*, who're in the dark ;
 And *English Readers*, who are straining
 In every *Chapter* for a Meaning ;
 For *Men of Letters* and good Sense,
 Here's Learning at a small Expence ;
 They'll find my Books, when well examin'd,
 Will do by Help of *Pool* and *Hammond* ;
 And if the Parsons can afford once
 A *Bible* with a large *Concordance*,
 I know not any Thing they lack
 Except it be an *Almanack*.
 In my *Complement* they shall see
 Opinions, great Variety!

That:

That every *Schismatick* with ease,
 May find a *Gloss* himself to please.
 Now Monsieur *Calmet* (like an *Olio*)
 Disht up nine Tracts of his in Folio;
 To all his Countrey Men reveal'd,
 What *Latin, Hebrew, Greek* conceal'd,
 So plain in *French*, that every Peasant
 Breaks out with Rapture in the Praise on't.
 O what a glorious learned Heap is't!
A wond'rous Author for a Papist!
 I wish in *English* 'twere translated,
 And mine to wipe his Rev'rence fated.
 To what Perfection had he brought
 His Books with Liberty of Thought!
 But all along he's cramp't I find,
 And therefore durst not speak his Mind;
 For had he said a Word 'gainst *Pop'ry*,
 The Laws wou'd turn his Neck with Rope
 'wry.

Thus Foreign *Pop'ry* is a Curse,
 But *English Popery* is worse.

REMEMBER, all, before you're told,
 That what I write for New, is Old;

If

If any Man of Reading looks,
 He'll find it all in other Books ;
 As I'm an Orthodox *Divine*,
 I've stol'n my *Comments* ev'ry Line.
 There's all the wrangling Tracts I know
Collected here both *con* and *pro*,
 So well dispos'd of, ev'ry Man
 May find the Truth out, if he can.
 From the Creation to the Flood
 (To shew you that my Work is good)
 I've drawn a Sketch, as I thought best,
 To form a Judgment of the rest.
 A Word or too before I close all ;
 One Doctor *Innis* makes *Proposal*,
 A poor insipid *moral* Tool,
 He'd have the World to walk by *Rule*.
 He thinks, I've nought to do, but nose him,
 I'd see him hang'd, e'er I oppose him.
 He strives to make Men *good* ; but I, Sir,
 Resolve to make them *worse*, and *wiser*.
 It ever was my Way to love
 The *Serpent* rather than the *Dove*.
 The Doctor, by a vain Pretension,
 Depends upon his own Invention ;

But

But I, who always liv'd on Loan,
Shan't write a Sentence of my own.

S I R,

“ I HAVE inserted your *Poem*, and think
“ you have done your self great Ho-
“ nour, by shewing so much Regard to a
“ Person remarkably Eminent; besides a
“ most laudable Zeal in recommending a
“ Work, which is likely to prove of the
“ greatest Advantage to our Church in ge-
“ neral, in this degenerate Age of Pro-
“ phaneness and Infidelity.

I am with due Respect Your's, &c.

The INTELLIGENCER.

NUMBER:



NUMBER XII.

SINCE our *English* Friends have done us the Honour to publish to their Countreymen, some of the Pieces from this *Paper*; we think ourselves oblig'd in Justice to return the Favour, by making the following *Tale* from the *Countrey Journal*, dated the 3^d of *August* 1728. the Subject of this Day's Entertainment.

From my own Chambers.

WHEN I was a young Man, I was very curious in collecting all the occasional *State Tracts*, or Pieces of *Poetry*, which were publish'd at that Time; and upon looking them over, I find some, which I believe my *Readers* will think not
alto-

altogether *mal à propos* at present. The following *Verses* are of this Kind, which appear plainly enough to be levell'd at some *Pensionary Parliament*; but as the *Author* of this little Piece hath not sufficiently distinguished the *Characters*, which he designed to expose, by any particular Marks; so my Memory will not enable me to explain the Sentiments of the Publick on that Occasion. However, as it seems to contain a *a good, general Moral*, I have ventur'd to give it to my Readers; and if it should happen to meet with any Success, I may, perhaps, communicate others, which are not to be met with in any of the *publick Miscellanies* of those Times.

The

The Progress of PATRIOTISM. A TALE.

Vendidit HIC Auro Patriam.

SIR *Ralph*, a simple, rural Knight,
Could just distinguish Wrong from
Right,

When he receiv'd a Quarter's Rent,
And almost half in *Taxes* went :

He rail'd at *Places*, *Bribes* and *Pensions*;

And *secret Service*, new Inventions ;

Preach'd up the true old *English* Spirit,

And mourn'd the great Neglect of *Merit* ;

Lamented our forlorn Condition,

And wish'd the Countrey would *petition* ;

Said he would first subscribe his Name,

And added 'twas a burning Shame

That *some Men* large Estates should get,

And fatten on the *Publick Debt* ;

Of his poor Countrey urg'd his Love,

And shook his Head at *Those* above.

THIS

THIS Conduct, in a private Station,
 Procur'd the *Knight* great Reputation ;
 The Neighbours all approv'd his Zeal,
 (Though few Men *judge*, yet all Men *feel*)
 And with a general Voice declar'd
 Money was scarce, the Times were hard ;
 That what Sir *Ralph* observ'd was true,
 And wish'd the *Gallows* had its due.

THUS blest in popular Affection,
 Behold ! there came on an *Election*,
 And who more proper than Sir *Ralph*
 To guard their Privileges safe ?
 So, in Return for Zeal and Beer,
 They chose him for a *Knight o'th' Shire*.

BUT mark how *Climates* change the Mind,
 And *Virtue* chops about like Wind !
 Duly the *Knight* came up to Town,
 Resolv'd to pull *Corruption* down,
 Frequented Clubs of the *same Party*,
 And in the Cause continued hearty,
 Broach'd his Opinions, wet and dry,
 And gave some *honest* Votes awry.

At length, in that *old spacious Court*,
Where *Members* just at Noon resort,
Up to our *Knight Sir Bluestring* came,
And call'd him frankly by his Name;
Smil'd on him, *shook him by the Hand*,
And gave him soon to understand,
That though his Person was a Stranger,
Yet that in Times of greatest Danger,
His faithful Services were known,
And all his Family's here in Town,
For whom he had a great Affection;
And wish'd him Joy of his Election,
Assur'd him that his Countrey's Voice
Could not have made a better Choice.

SIR *Ralph*, who, if not much bely'd,
Had always some Degrees of Pride,
Perceiv'd his Heart begin to swell,
And lik'd this Doctrine mighty well;
Took Notice of his Air and Look,
And how familiarly he spoke;
Such Condescensions, such Professions
Remov'd all former ill Impressions.

THE *Statesman* (who, we must agree,
Can far into our *Foibles* see,
And knows exactly how to flatter
The *weak blind* Sides of human Nature)
Saw the *vain Wretch* begin to yield,
And farther thus his Oil instill'd.

SIR *Ralph*, said he, all Forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my Heart,
Have such a Value for your *Worth*,
Your *Sense* and *Honour* and so forth,
That in some Points extremely nice,
I should be proud of your Advice ;
Let me, good Sir, the Favour pray
To eat a Bit with me to Day ;
Nay, dear Sir *Ralph*, you must agree——
Your Honour's Hour ? ——exactly three.

THESE Points premis'd, they bow and
part
With Hands press'd hard to either Heart :
For now the publick Business calls
Each Patriot to St. *Stephen's* Walls ,

Whether

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Whether the *present Debts* to state,
Or on some *new Supplies* debate,
Would here be needless to relate.

FROM thence, at the appointed Hour,
The *Knight* attends the *Man of Power*;
Who, better to secure his Ends,
Had likewise bid some courtly Friends,
His Brother *Townly* and his *Grace*,
Great *Statesmen* both, and both in Place:
Our *British Horace*, fam'd for Wit,
Alike for *Courts* and *Senates* fit;
Sir *William* from his early Youth,
Renown'd for *Honour, Virtue, Truth*;
And *Bubble*, just restor'd to Favour,
On Pardon ask'd for *late Behaviour*.

The *Statesman* met his *Convert Guest*,
Saluted, clasp'd him to his Breast,
Then introduc'd him to the rest.

WHILST he, with Wonder and Amaze,
The Splendour of the House surveys;
Huge China Jars and Piles of Plate,
And *modish Screens* and Beds of State,

Gilt

Gilt Sconces, of stupendous Size,
 And costly Paintings strike his Eyes,
 From *Italy* and *Flanders* brought ;
 At the Expence of Nations bought ;
 Yet doth not one of these relate
 The tragick End of R——s of State ;
 Although such Pictures might supply
 Fit Lessons to the *Great Man's* Eye :
 But o'ergrown Fav'rites dread to think
 From whence they rose, and how may sink,

DINNER now waited on the Board,
 Rich as this City would afford,
 (For every Element supplies,
 His Table with its Rarities)
 The Guests promiscuous take their Place,
Pro more, without *Form* of *Grace* ;
 There might the *little Knight* be seen
 With *Ribbons blue*, and *Ribbons green*,
 All complaisant and debonair,
 As if the King himself were there,
 Obsequious each consults his Taste,
 And begging to be serv'd the last,

Points round by Turns to every Dish;
Will you have Soup, Sir Ralph, or Filh?
This Fricassee or that Ragoust?
 Pray, Sir, be free and let me know.

THE Cloth remov'd, the Glass goes
 round,

With loyal Healths and Wishes crown'd;
May King and Senate long agree!
Success attend the Ministry!

Let public Faith and Stocks increase!
 And grant us, Heav'n! a speedy Peace!

DISCOURSE ensues on *Homebred Rage*,
 That rank Distemper of the Age;
 And instantly they all agree,
 They never were so bless'd, or free;
 That all *Complaints* were nought but *Faction*,
 And *Patriotism* mere *Distraction*,
 Though full of *Reason*, void of *Grace*,
 And only meant to get in *Place*.

~~SIR Ralph in Approbation bow'd;~~
 Yet own'd that with the giddy Croud,
 He formerly had gone astray,
 And talk'd in quite another Way,

H Possess'd

Possess'd with Jealousies and Fears,
 Dispers'd by restless Pamphleteers,
 In Libels *weekly* and *diurnal*;
 Especially the * *Countray Journal*;
 But as he felt sincere Contrition,
 He hop'd his Faults would find Remission.

DEAR SIR, reply'd the *Bluestring Knight*,
 I'm glad you think Affairs go right,
 All Errors pass'd must be excus'd,
 (Since the best Men may be abus'd)
 What's in my Power you may command:
 Then shook him once more by the Hand,
 Gave him great Hopes (at least his *Word*)
 That he should be a *Treasury-Lord*,
 And to confirm his good Intention,
 At present order'd him a *Pension*.

By these Degrees, Sir *Ralph* is grown
 The staunchest Tool in all the Town,

* From hence it appears, that a Paper was published under
 that Name, long before 1701, in which we are at present en-
 gaged,

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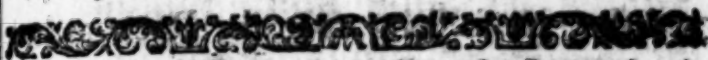
At *Points* and *Job-work* never fails,
 At all his old *Acquaintance* raises;
 Holds every *Doctrine* now in *Fashion*;
 That *Debts* are *Blessings* to a *Nation*;
 That *Bribery* under *Whig* *Direction*,
 Is needful to discourage *Faction*;
 That *standing Armies* are most *fitting*
 To guard the *Liberties* of *Britain*;
 That *F——* is her *sincerest Friend*,
 On whom, she always should depend;
 That *Ministers*, by *Kings* appointed;
 Are, under them, the *Lord's* *anointed*;
Ergo, it is the self-same *Thing*,
 T' oppose the *Minister* or *King*,
Ergo, by *Consequence* of *Reason*,
 To censure *Statesmen* is *High Treason*.
 In fine, his *standing Creed* is this;
 That *right* or *wrong*, or *hit* or *miss*,
 No *Mischiefs* can befall a *Nation*,
 Under so *wise* a *Ministration*;
 That *Britain* is *Sir Bluestring's Debtor*,
 And *Things* did surely ne'er go better!

So the plain Country Girl, untainted,
 Nor yet with wicked Man acquainted,
 Starts at the first lewd Application,
 Though warm perhaps by Inclination,
 And swears she would not with the King,
 For all the World do *such a Thing*;
 But when, with long, assiduous Art,
 Damon hath once sedue'd her Heart,
 She learns her Lesson in a Trice,
 And justifies the pleasing Vice,
 Calls it a natural, harmless Passion,
 Implanted from our first Creation,
 Holds there's no Sin between clean Sheets,
 And lies with every Man she meets.

*The Tale of St. Ralph was sent from
 England. St. Swift.*



void of them all, as is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company.



It has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom I never offended,

NUMBER XIII.

has laid me under the Obligation of a long

Story, and compell'd me to hear, with

Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

less any Body else, and at the same Time

he was as much in Earnest, as if both our

THERE is one Kind of Conversation,

which every one aims at, and every

one almost fails in, it is that of *Story-tel-*

ling. I know not any Thing which en-

gages our Attention with more Delight,

when a Person has a sufficient Stock of

Talents necessary for it, such as *Good Sense,*

true Humour, a clear Head, a ready Com-

mand of Language, and a Variety of proper

Gesture, to give Life and Spirit to what he

says. If any of these be wanting, the

Listners, instead of being diverted, are

disoblig'd; but if the Person be utterly

void of them all, as is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company, and they are so long upon the Rack as he speaks. It has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man whom I never offended, has laid me under the Persecution of a long Story, and compell'd me to hear, what neither concerned himself, nor me, nor indeed any Body else, and at the same Time he was as much in Earnest, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he said. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man shall be letting off Words for an Hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his best, only makes me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

THIS natural Infirmary in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but it appears likewise in every Essay whatsoever of their Intellectuals. As for Instance; if one of these be a Preacher of God's Word,

Word, by far fetched Criticisms, numerous Divisions, and Sub-divisions, incoherent Digressions, tedious Repetitions, useless Remarks, weak Answers to strong Objections, Inferences to no Premises, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he shall draw you out a Discourse for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally dispensing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being seven Sleepers for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he shall, by an uncommon Way of Amusement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with such a Volubility of Tongue, such Affluence of Expression, with something so like a good Style, and Manner of Thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there were a continued Chain of true Reasoning and solid Argument. If he be a Member of the Upper or Lower House, he does not pro-

ceed four Sentences, before the rest know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean Time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent, till the Gentleman has done. I could give many more Instances, but that I think these sufficient for my present Purpose; beside, lest I should incur the like Reproach my self, I must, in a few Words, divide the Story-tellers into *the short, the long, the marvellous, the insipid, and the delightful.*

THE *short Story-teller* is he, who tells a great deal in few Words, engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon, Plutarch, Macrobius,* among the Ancients. *Ex. gr.*

WHEN the *Nephelai* of *Aristophanes*, a Satyr upon *Socrates* was acting, his Friends desired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, said *Socrates*, I will stand up here, where I may be seen; for now I think

think my self like a good Feast, and that every one has a Share of me. *Vid. Feast of Xenophon.*

BRASIDAS, the famous Lacedæmonian General, caught a Mouse: It bit him, and by that Means made its Escape. O Jupiter, said he, what Creature so contemptible, but may have its Liberty if it will contend for it? *Vid. Plutarch. de perfect: virtut.*

DIOTREPHES having sailed to Chios, while it was under the Dominion of the Persians,

said in a full Assembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, since the Persians would not allow them the Privilege of making their own Priests, but sent them over the most illiterate of their Magi.

AUGUSTUS while he was encamped with his Army some where near Mantua, was disturbed three Nights successively, by the Hooting of an Owl. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever

caught the Offender (so that he might be brought to Justice) should have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Pursuit, of this *Blind*: At last, one more vigilant than the rest, found him in a hollow Tree, so brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who saw him with the greatest Joy, but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, so far below his Expectation, that he let the Owl fly away that Instant. So true a Sense of Liberty ran through the very meanest of the *Romans*. *Macrob. Sat.*

THE *Long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this many among the *Moderns* are famous, particularly the *French*; and among our selves in this Kingdom we have a vast Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect, there are six Deans, four Judges, six and thirty Counsellors at Law, sixty five Attornies, some few Fellows of the College, every Alderman

man through the whole Nation, except one. All old Gentlemen and Ladies, without Exception, five of the College of Physicians, three or four Lords, two hundred Squires, and some few People of Distinction beside.

I SHALL here insert a Fragment of a long Story, by Way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been said in these ten following, *viz. nine Years ago I was to preach for a Friend.*

I REMEMBER once, I think it was about seven Years ago—No I lye—It was about nine Years ago; for it was just when my Wife was Lying-in of *Dicky*, I remember particularly, the Mid-wife would have had me stay, to keep her Company, and it was the heaviest Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever saw before or since, but because I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*

I could not defer it till the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours, I bought him of a Neighbour one Mr. *Masterfon*, yet because I would not put my Friend in a Fright, &c. Thus far he went in one Minute. The Story lasted an Hour, so that upon a fair Computation he spoke 7740. Words instead of 600, by which Means he made Use of 7140 more than he had Occasion for. If a right Application were made of this Hint which I have given, it would be of admirable Effect in the Dispatch of publick Business, as well as private Conversation; nay, in the very Writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatises, written by the learned Mr. *H——n*.

THE *Marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling such Things as no Man alive, who has the least Use of his Reason, can believe. This Humour prevails very much in Travellers

vellers, and the vain-glorious, but very pardonable, because no Man's Faith is imposed upon, or if it should be so, in Consequence attends Persons seriously extravagant, expecting another should give Credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest Dunce to swallow.

ONE of these, who had travell'd to *Damascus*, told his Company, that the *Bees* of that Countrey were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, said a Gentleman (begging Pardon for the Question) how large were the Hives? The same Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very strange, said the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Business, I Gad let them look to that.

ANOTHER, who had travell'd as far as *Persia*, spoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning home, telling him, how necessary it was, that a Traveller should draw Things beyond the Life, otherwise he could not hope for that Respect from his

Countrymen,

Countrymen, which otherwise he might have. But at the same Time, *John*, said he, wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct my self. It happened on a Day, that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed, that he saw a *Monkey* in the Island *Borneo*, which had a Tail threescore Yards long. *John* punched him. I am certain it is fifty at least. *John* punched again. I believe to speak within Compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been forty. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I remember it lay over a Quickset-Hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty. *John* at him again. I could take my Oath it was twenty. This did not satisfy *John*. Upon which the Master turned about in a Rage, and said, Damn you for a Puppy, would you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all?

DID

DID not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whose History is much of the same Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he saw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Ysbrant Ides* in his Travels through *Muscovy* to *China*, assures us, that he saw *Elephants*, which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tigers*, and to mimick the sounding of a Trumpet; but their highest Perfection, as he relates it, was that of singing like *Canary Birds*. However this is not so marvellous (for *Pliny* relates wonderful Things of their Docility) as what a Gentleman told a full Company, in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had seen a Show at *Bristol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to stand upon her hind Legs and bow to all the Company, to each Person in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat several Marches on the Drum. After this a *Dog* was set upon the Table. His Master, the *Show-Man*, made many
grievous

grievous Complaints against him, for High Crimes and Misdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Passion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if she had been his Wife, scratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

THERE is a certain Gentleman, now in *Ireland*, most remarkably fond of the Marvellous, (but this through Vanity) who among an infinite Number of the like Rarities, affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond, by it self, which for twenty Years past supplied him and his Friends with a very good Dish of Fish, when they either came to dine or sup with him. And the Manner of it is thus. The Cook-maid goes with a large Kitchen-knife, which has a Whistle in its Handle; she no sooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice and turns up its Belly, till she cuts out as much as she has Occasion for, and then
away

away it scuds. The Chasm is filled in a Day or two, and the *Carp* is as found as a *Roach*, ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the most solemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the most sanctified *Quaker* should say YEA to it, which is made equal to any Prelate's Oath, I would no more give Credit to them, than I would to the *Colonel*, who said he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majesty King *William*, of glorious Memory, lost the Day: And this *Colonel*, being in the utmost Confusion, fled among the rest: He swore he had galloped above two Miles after his Horse's Head was shot off, by a Cannon-ball, which he should not have missed, if the poor Creature had not stooped at a River's Side to drink.

I SHOULD be glad to spend an Evening with half a Dozen Gentleman of this uncommon Genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an Opportunity of observing

observing how far the Marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

THE *insipid*, who may not unfitly be called *Soporifick*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts: You shall have an Account from such a Person of ever minute Circumstance, which happened in the Company where he has been, what he did, and what they did, what they said, and what he said, with a Million of trite Phrases, with an *and so* beginning every Sentence: and to make a long Story short: and, as *I was saying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a most dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of Speaking, nor the Discretion of holding their Tongues, and that of all People, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this Way of Conversation.

THE

THE *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who speaks not a Word too much, or too little; who can, in a very careless Manner, give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and deserves rather to divert, than be applauded; who shews good Understanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit in every Thing which comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the History of a Child and its *Hobby-Horse*, than one of the *Soporificks* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Person is not unlike a bad Reader who makes the most ingenious Piece his own, that is, dull and detestable by only coming through his Mouth. But to return to the delightful *Story-teller*, I cannot describe him by any Words so well as his own, and therefore take the following Story to shew him in the most agreeable Light.

A MOUNTBANK in Leicester-Fields had drawn a huge Assembly about him; among the rest a fat unwieldy Fellow, half
stifled

stified in the Press, would be every Fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here! pray good People give Way a little! bless me! what a Devil has raked this Rabble together? Zounds, what squeezing is this? Honest Friend remove your Elbow. At last a Weaver that stood next him could hold no longer. A Plague confound you, said he, for an over-grown Sloven, and who in the Devil's Name helps to make up the Crowd half so much as your self? Don't you consider (with a Pox) that you take up more Room with that Carcass than any five bête? Is not the Place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass (and be damn'd) and then I'll engage we shall have Room enough for us all.

THIS I have transcribed from a most celebrated Author, with great Pleasure, and do earnestly recommend it to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of Story-telling both as to Style and Manner, and every Thing requisite not only to please the Hear-

er,

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er, but to gain his Favour and Affection. And for the Time to come, be it enacted, that if any Person, of what Rank soever, shall presume to exceed six Minutes in a Story, to *hum* or *haw*, use *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digressions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story when he has done, or speaks one Word more than is necessary, or is a Stam-merer in his Speech, that then it shall, and may be lawful for any one of the said Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, to make Use of broad Hints, or Innuendo's for him the said Story-teller, to break off, although abruptly; otherwise he is to have a Glove, or Handkerchief, crammed into his Mouth for the first Default, and for the second, to be kicked out of Company.

NUMBER

And for the Time to come, he is enabled,
to gain his Favour and Affection.



shall presume to exceed six Minutes in a
Story, to wit, of what his Majesty has
between his Words, or Digressions, or others

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to engage the Reader's Attention, or to
when he has done, or speaks one

Word more than is necessary, or is a stain

Naturam expellat furca licet, usque recurret.

Hor.

THERE is an old Heathen Story, that
Prometheus, who was a Potter in
Greece, took a Frolick to turn all the Clay
in his Shop into Men and Women, se-
parating the fine from the coarse, in Or-
der to distinguish the Sexes. The *Males*
were formed of a Mixture *Blue Rod*, as
being of the toughest Consistence, fitter
for Creatures destined to Hardships, La-
bour, and difficult Enterprizes; the *Females*
were molded out of the most refined Stuff,
much of the like Substance with *China-
ware*, transparent and brittle, designing
them rather for Shew and Beauty, than

to

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to be of any real Use in Life, farther than that of Generation. By the Transparency he intended the Men might see so plainly through them, that they should not be capable of *Hypocrisy, Falshood or Intrigue*, and by their Brittleness, he taught them, they were to be handled with a Tenderness suitable to their Delicacy of Constitution.

It was pleasant enough, to see with what Contrivance and Order, he disposed of his Journeymen in their several Apartments, and how judiciously he assigned each of them his Work, according to his Natural Capacity and Talents, so that every Member, and part of the humane Frame, was finish'd with the utmost Exactness and Beauty.

IN one Chamber you might see a *Leg-shaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-stretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*, for each Workman was distinguished by a proper Term of Art, such as *Knuckle-turner*,

Tooth-

Tooth-grinder, Rib-cooper, Muscla-maker, Tendon-drawer, Paunch-blower, Vein-brancher, and such like. But *Prometheus* himself made the *Eyes*, the *Ears*, and the *Heart*, which, because of their nice and intricate Structure, were chiefly the Business, of a *Master-Workman*. Beside this, he completed the Whole by fitting and joining the several Parts together, according to the best Symmetry and Proportion. The Statues are now upon their Legs. Life the chief Ingredient is wanting, *Prometheus* takes a *Ferula* in his Hand (a Reed of the Island *Cbios* having an Oil-Pith) steals up the Back-stairs to *Apollo's* Lodgings, lights it clandestinely at the Chariot of the *Sun*, so down he creeps upon his Tip-toes to his Ware-house, and in a very few Minutes, by an Application of the Flame to the Nostrils of his *Clay Images*, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but intirely insensible of what they were doing. They looked so like the latter

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latter End of a *Lord Mayor's* Feast, he could not bear the Sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them *Passions*, or Life would be an insipid Thing, and so from the Super-abundance of them in other *Animals*, he culls out enough for his Purpose, which he blended and tempered so well, before Infusion, that his Men and Women became the most amiable Creatures that Thought can conceive.

LOVE was then like a pure Vestal-Flame not made up of sudden Joy, Transports and Extasies, but constant, friendly and benevolent.

ANGER did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent Emotions of the Breast, and Distortions of the Face; but preserved a Dignity of Resentment in the Countenance, commanding a reverential Awe in the Offender.

FEAR did not in the least encroach upon the Bounds of Fortitude, by a slavish
I Dejection

Dejection of Spirits, nor was it ever seen upon any Occasion, but as a Monitor, to prevent the doing of any Action, which might be attended with Disgrace or Repentance.

IN the same Manner was every Passion and Appetite under the best Regulation and Dominion of Reason. The World would have been a most delightful Scene had People continued in this Situation; but alas! there can be no Happiness here without a Mixture of Misery.

PROMETHEUS is apprehended for his Theft and Presumption, bound fast in Chains to a Rock, with a *Vulture* to prey upon his Liver. His Journeymen get Drunk for joy they were now their own Masters; during which Interval, they fall to Man and Woman making with excessive Precipitation and Hurry. Now you might see a small Head set upon a pair of broad Shoulders; a Nose too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the Face;
a large

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a large heavy Carcass rear'd upon a small Pair of Spindle Shanks, by which means they became bandy; a long Chin to a short Face; one Arm longer than the other; Eyes too big for their Sockets; Mouths three Times too wide or too narrow, every Part and Limb almost chosen and put together at random. But to conclude the Farce, when they came to the Passion-Work, instead of blending and tempering them in true Proportion, they took them from the worst of *Animals* simply, and by guess. To one was given the Rage and fury of a *Wolf*: Hence came a most virulent, persecuting malicious Villain; from whom has descended those boistrous and outrageous Pests of Society, who are every Day disturbing our Peace; the only Blessing we can enjoy upon Earth. To another the Poyson and Rancour of a Toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who upon the least Touch of Offence, are ever upon the Watch, to ruin the Inad-

vertent. To another the Subtlety and Cunning of a *Fox*; from whom we trace the *Politician*, who turns all the *Motions* of his Soul to *Seducing*, *Betraying*, *Surprizing*, *fair Promises with foul Intentions*, *perpetual Stratagems to his own Advantage*, *under the specious Appearance of the publick Good*.

To another the Alertness of a *Monkey*: He begat a large Family of *Jibbers*, *Buffoons*, and *Mimicks*; these are a numerous Breed, and dispersed over the Face of the whole Earth. The chief Business of their Lives is to make People laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest Friends; who while they are copying the Imperfections of others, bring themselves to be *Originals*. You may distinguish this happy Race by their *Hawk-noses*, one Eye less than t'other, and a perpetual *Sneer*, which by repeated Habit, becomes inseparable from their Faces. To another the *Pride* of a *Peacock*: He turns
Beau,

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Beau, stitches all the Tinsel about him that he can, hangs a Tail to his Head, and so walks through the World. To another the Gluttony, Laziness and Luxury of a *Hog*: From him are descended your pamper'd Citizens, and others, whose chief Exercise consists in Eating and Drinking: They are very easily distinguished by the Plumpness and Rotundity of their *Dewlap*, the *Torosity* of their *Necks* and *Breasts*, and the *Prominence* of their *Abdomen*. Numberless are the Instances might be given of the Predominance of Brutes, thus occasioned in Men, but that I hasten to give a summary Account of the *Animals*, chiefly chosen by these Journeymen, to give proper Accomplishments to the other Sex, viz. *Cats*, *Ferrets*, *Weazels*, *Vipers*, *Magpies*, *Geese*, *Wagtails*, *Rats*, *Stoats*, *Rattle-Snakes*, *Wasps*, *Hornets*, and some few others. It is needless to inform the Reader, what Qualities were infused from these, when he can behold them so plainly

in one half or more of his Female Acquaintance. And I dare venture to say, that you can hardly go into a Family, where you may not distinguish some one Lady eminently remarkable for a lively Resemblance to one or more of the aforesaid *Animals*. Upon the whole, I shall make this Remark, that the Handy-work of *Prometheus* and their Progeny, are to be distinguished with the greatest Ease, from that of his Journeymen; his being all *Humane, Benevolent, Easy, Affable, Good-humoured, Charitable and Friendly*; whereas those of his Journeymen are *Cruel, Malicious, Turbulent, Morose, Ill-natured, Snarling, Quarrelsome, Pragmatical, Covetous, and Inhuman*, which we daily experience among the *great Vulgar* and the *Small*, nor can all the Power of Art, or Education, intirely wash away the Dirt of the Journeyman's Palm, or quite abolish, or refrain that Exuberance of wrong Passions which are owing to the Cause already

ready

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ready assign'd. And I will say farther, that I know nothing else in Nature, but what may by *Cultivation* or *Chymistry* change its Nature, such Persons only excepted, who have had a wrong Impression at first, and *human Excrements*: But this being of too foul a Nature, to bear a Dissertation in *Prose*, I shall transcribe it as it was cooked up in *Verse*, for the Taste of the Polite, being a very fit Emblem, to explain this great and useful Maxim, *That there is no Method, as yet found out, to change natural Inclinations.*

The TALE of the T—D.

A PASTRY-COOK once moulded up a
T—d

(You may believe me when I give my
Word)

With nice Ingredients of the fragrant kind
And *Sugar* of the best, right double refin'd.

He blends them all; for he was fully bent
Quite to annihilate its Taste and Scent.

With out-stretch'd Arms, he twirls the
the Rolling-Pin,

And spreads the yielding *Ordure* smooth
and thin;

'Twas not to save his Flow'r, but shew his
Art,

Of such foul *Dough* to make a sav'ry *Tart*.

He heats his Ov'n with Care, and bak'd it
well,

But still the Crust's offensive to the Smell.

The *Cook* was vex'd to see himself so foil'd,

So works it to a *Dumpling*, which he
boil'd:

Now out it comes, and if it stunk before,
It stinks full twenty Times as much, and
more.

He breaks fresh *Eggs*, converts it into *Bat-*
ter,

Works them with *Spoon* about a Wooden-
Platter,

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To true Consistence, such as *Cook-maids*
make

At *Shrovetide*, when they tosse the *pliant*
Cake.

In vain he twirls the *Pan*, the more it fries
The more the nauseous, fetid Vapours rise.
Resolv'd to make it still a fav'ry Bit,
He takes the *Pan-Cake* rolls it round a *Spit*,
Winds up the *Jack*, and sets it to the Fire,
But roasting rais'd its pois'nous Fumes the
high'r.

Offended much (although it was his own,)
At length he throws it where it shou'd be
thrown,

And in a Passion, storming loud, he cry'd,
If neither bak'd, nor boil'd, nor roast, nor
fry'd,

Can thy offensive bellish Taint reclaim,
Go to the filthy *Jake* from whence you came.

The MORAL.

THIS *Tale* requires but one short Appli-
cation

It fits all upstart Scoundrels in each *Nation*,
Minions of Fortune, wise Mens Jest in
Pow'r,

Like Weeds on *Dungbills*, Stinking, Rank
and Sour.



NUMBER



NUMBER XV.

Lamentations, chap. ii. ver. 19.

Arise, cry out in the Night: in the beginning of the Watches pour out thine Heart like Water before the Face of the Lord: lift up thy Hands towards him, for the Life of thy young Children that faint for Hunger, in the Top of every Street.

I DO remember to have read an Account, that an Ode which Pindar writ in honour of the Island Delos, was inscribed in the Temple of *Minerva* at *Athens*, in large Letters of Gold. A publick and very laudable Acknowledgment for the Poet's Ingenuity, and for no more than a bare Compliment! Such was the

Encouragement given by the great and publick spirited *Athenians*. Had the same Poet, inspired by a noble and heroick Ardor, by another Ode awakened and roused their whole State against an invading Enemy ; or opened their Eyes against any Secret and wicked Contrivers of their Destruction, they would have erected him a Statue at least. But alas that Spirit is fled from the World, and long since neglected. Virtue is become her own Pay-master. My *Countreymen*, I hope, will forgive me, if I complain there has been so little Notice taken of a small, but most excellent *Pamphlet*, written by the *DRAPIER*. It is intitled, *A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND*. There never was any Treatise yet published, with a Zeal more generous for the universal Good of a Nation, or a Design more seasonable, considering our present lamentable Condition ; yet we listen not to the Voice of the Charmer. Whereas it should have been

been inscribed in Capital Letters (as glorious as those of the Poet) in the most publick Part of every *Corporation-Town*, through this whole *Kingdom*, that People might behold the several unprovoked Causes of their Poverty, our Offences towards Heaven excepted. Nay, I will proceed farther, and say, that every Head of every Family ought to instruct the Children so far in this most *incomparable Pamphlet*, that they should not only understand, but be able to repeat by Heart every single *Paragraph* through the whole. This was the Method laid down by the wisest Lawgiver that ever the World produced, to gain the Hearts of the People, by working upon their Memories.

Deut. ch. vi. ver. 7. And thou shalt Teach them diligently unto thy Children, and shalt talk of them, when thou sittest in thine House, and when thou walkest by the Way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

8. *And thou shalt bind them for a Sign upon thine Hand, and they shall be as Frontlets between thine Eyes.*

9. *And thou shalt write them upon the Posts of thy House, and on thy Gates.*

And where would be the great Trouble since we have little else to do, if every Man would read a Lecture of the *Short View* every Day in his Family after reading Prayers? Nor do I think the Expence would be extravagant, if he should have every Page of it re-printed, to be hung up in Frames, in every Chamber of his House. That it might be as evident as the *Hand-Writing on the Wall*.

AND since I have ventured thus far to praise and recommend this most inimitable Piece, let me speak a few Words in favour of its AUTHOR.

I would propose to my *Countreymen* before all their MONEY goes off, (it is going as fast as possible) to convert it into a few Statues to the DRAPIER, in those memorable

ble Parts of this Kingdom, where our Heroes have shone with the greatest Lustre, in Defence of our *Liberty*, and the PROTESTANT RELIGION over all *Europe*: At DERRY, at ENNISKILLEN, at BOYN, at AUGHTRIM. Nor would it be amiss, to set up a few more about our *Metropolis*, with that glorious Inscription LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

IF our MONEY were metamorphosed upon such a good Occasion as this, it would not be in the Power of any * *Cypselus*, to get it into his own Coffers, and it would be the only Method to prevent its being carry'd off, except our *Viceroy's* should act like the *Roman Prefects*, and run away with our very Statues.

* *Cypselus*, a Governor of *Corinth*, who contrived a Tax, which brought all the Money of that State to himself in ten Years Time. *Vid. Aristot. polit.*

COURTEOUS

COURTEOUS READER, mark well what follows.

I AM assured, that it hath for some Time been practised, as a Method of making Mens Court when they are asked about the Rate of Lands, the Abilities of Tenants, the State of Trade and Manufacture in this Kingdom, and how their Rents are payed; to answer, that in their Neighbourhood all Things are in a flourishing Condition, the Rent and Purchase of Land every Day encreasing. And if a Gentleman happens to be a little more sincere in his Representations, besides being looked on as not well affected, he is sure to have a dozen Contradictors at his Elbow. I think it is no manner of Secret why these Questions are so cordially asked and so obligingly answered.

BUT since with regard to the Affairs of this Kingdom, I have been using all Endeavours to subdue my Indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any
perfo-

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personal Interest, being not the Owner of one Spot of Ground in the whole *Island*, I shall only enumerate by Rules generally known, and never contradicted, what are the true Causes of any Countries flourishing and growing Rich, and then examine what Effects arise from those Causes, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

THE first Cause of a Kingdom's thriving, is the Fruitfulness of the Soil to produce the Necessaries and Conveniencies of Life, not only sufficient for the Inhabitants, but for Exportation to other Countries.

THE Second is the Industry of the People, in working up all their native Commodities, to the last Degree of Manufacture.

THE Third is the Conveniency of safe Ports and Havens, to carry out their own Goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the Nature of mutual Commerce will allow.

THE

THE Fourth is, that the Natives should, as much as possible Export and Import their Goods in Vessels of their own Timber, made in their own Countrey.

THE Fifth is the Liberty of a free Trade in all foreign Countries, which will permit them to export their Goods over the World, except to those who are in War with their own Prince, or State.

THE Sixth is, by being governed only by Laws made with their own Consent, for otherwise they are not a free People. And therefore all Appeals for Justice or Applications for Favour or Preferment to another Countrey, are so many grievous Impoverishments.

THE Seventh is by Improvement of Land, Encouragement of Agriculture, and thereby encreasing the Number of their People, without which any Countrey, however blessed by Nature, must continue Poor.

THE Eighth is the Residence of the Princes, or Chief Administrators of the Civil Power.

THE

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THE Ninth is, the Concourse of Foreigners for Education, Curiosity or Pleasure, or as to a general Mart of Trade.

THE Tenth is, by disposing all Offices of Honour, Profit or Trust, only to the Natives, or at least with very few Exceptions, where Strangers have long inhabited the Countrey, and are supposed to understand, and regard the Interest of it, as their own.

THE Eleventh is, when the Rents of Lands and Profits of Employments are spent in the Countrey, which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen, where the Love of our native Countrey prevails.

THE Twelfth is by the publick Revenues, being all spent and employed at Home, except on the Occasions of a Foreign War.

THE Thirteenth is, where the People are not obliged, unless they find it for their own Interest or Conveniency, to receive

ceive any Monies, except of their own Coinage, by a publick Mint, after the Manner of all civilized Nations.

THE Fourteenth is a Disposition of a People of a Country, to wear their own Manufactures, and import as few Incitements to Luxury, either in Cloaths, Furniture, Food, or Drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

THERE are many other Causes of a Nation's thriving, which I cannot at present recollect; but without Advantage from at least some of these, after turning my Thoughts a long Time, I am not able to discover from whence our Wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the mean Time, I will here examine what Share falls to *Ireland* of these Causes, or of the Effects and Consequences.

It is not my Intention to complain, but barely to relate Facts, and the Matter is not of small Importance. For it is
 allowed,

allowed, that a Man who lives in a solitary House far from Help, is not wise in endeavouring to acquire in the Neighbourhood, the Reputation of being Rich, because those who come for Gold, will go off with Pewter and Brass, rather than return empty; and in the common Practices of the World, those who possess most Wealth, make the least Parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out, in shewing their Faces on the *Exchange*.

As to the first Cause of a Nation's Riches, being the Fertility of the Soil, as well as Temperature of Climate, we have no Reason to complain, for although the Quantity of unprofitable Land in this Kingdom, reckoning Bog and Rock, and barren Mountain, be double in Proportion to what it is in *England*, yet the native Productions which both Kingdoms deal in, are very near on Equality.

quality in Point of Goodness, and might with the same Encouragement be as well manufactured, I except Mines and Minerals, in some Point of Skill and Industry.

In the Second, which is the Industry of the People, our Misfortune is not altogether owing to our own Fault, but to a Million of Discouragements.

THE Conveniency of Ports and Havens, which Nature bestowed on us so liberally, is of no more Use to us, than a beautiful Prospect to a Man shut up in a Dungeon.

As to Shipping of its own, this Kingdom is so utterly unprovided, that of all the excellent Timber cut down within these Fifty or Sixty Years, it can hardly be said that the Nation hath received the Benefit of one valuable House to dwell in, or one Ship to trade with.

IRELAND is the only Kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern

modern Story, which was denied the Liberty of exporting their native Commodities and Manufactures wherever they pleased, except to Countries at War with their own Prince or State; yet this by the Superiority of mere Power, is refused us in the most momentous Parts of Commerce; besides an Act of Navigation to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed, and a Thousand other unexampled Circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest.

It is too well known that we were forced to obey some Laws we never consented to, which is a Condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted Name, for Fear of my L—C—J—W—d's Ghost, with his LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM, written as a Motto on his Coach, as it stood at the Door of the Court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both.

both. Thus we are in the Condition of Patients, who have Phyfick sent them by Doctors at a Distance, Strangers to their Constitution, and the Nature of their Disease: And thus we are forced to pay five hundred *per Cent.* to decide our Properties, in all which we have likewise the Honour to be distinguished from the whole Race of Mankind.

As to Improvement of Land, those few who attempt that, or Planting, through Covetousness or want of Skill, generally leave Things worse than they were, neither succeeding in Trees nor Hedges, and by running into the Fancy of Grazing after the Manner of the *Scythians*, are every Day depopulating the Countrey.

WE are so far from having a King to reside among us, that even the Viceroy is generally absent four Fifths of his Time in the Government.

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No Strangers from other Countries make this a part of their Travels, where they can expect to see nothing but Scenes of Misery and Desolation.

THOSE who have the Misfortune to be born here, have the least Title to any considerable Employment, to which they are seldom preferred, but upon a political Consideration.

ONE third Part of the Rents of *Ireland* is spent in *England*, which, with the Profit of Employments, Pensions, Appeals, Journeys of Pleasure, or Health, Education at the *Inns* of Courts, and both Universities, Remittances at Pleasure, the Pay of all superior Officers in the Army, and other Incidents, will amount to a full half of the Income of the whole Kingdom, all clear Profit to *England*.

WE are denied the Liberty of coining Gold, Silver, or even Copper. In the

the Isle of *Man* they coin their own Silver, every petty Prince, Vassal to the *Emperor*, can coin what Money he pleaseth. And in this, as in most of the Articles already mentioned, we are an Exception to all other States or Monarchies that were ever known in the World.

As to the last, or Fourteenth Article, we take special Care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole Course of our Lives. Both Sexes, but especially the Women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own Manufactures, even those which are better made than in other Countries, particularly a Sort of Silk-Plad, through which the Workmen are forced to run a Sort of Gold-thread that it may pass for *Indian*. Even Ale and Potatoes in great Quantity are imported from *England* as well as Corn, and our foreign Trade is little more than Importation of *French* Wine, for which I am told we pay ready Money.

Now

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Now if all this be true, upon which I could easily enlarge, I would be glad to know by what secret Method it is, that we grow a rich and flourishing People, without Liberty, Trade, Manufactures, Inhabitants, Money, or the Privilege of Coining, without Industry, Labour or Improvement of Lands, and with more than half of the Rent and Profits of the whole *Kingdom*, annually exported, for which we receive not a single Farthing; and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the Linnen of the *North*, a Trade casual, corrupted, and at Mercy, and some Butter from *Cork*. If we do flourish, it must be against every Law of Nature and Reason, like the Thorn at *Glassenbury*, that blossoms in the Midst of Winter.

LET the worthy C——rs who come from *England*, ride round the Kingdom, and observe the Face of Nature, or the

Faces of the Natives; the Improvement of the Land; the thriving, numerous Plantations; the noble Woods; the Abundance and Vicinity of Countrey-Seats; the commodious Farmers-Houses and Barns; the Towns and Villages, where every Body is busy and thriving with all Kind of Manufactures; the Shops full of Goods wrought to Perfection, and filled with Customers; the comfortable Dyet, and Dress, and Dwellings of the People; the vast Numbers of Ships in our Harbours and Docks, and Ship-Wrights in our Seaport Towns; the Roads crowded with Carriers laden with rich Manufactures; the perpetual Concourse to and fro of pompous Equipages.

WITH what Envy and Admiration would these Gentlemen return from so delightful a Progress? What glorious Reports would they make when they went back to *England*?

BUT

BUT my Heart is too heavy to continue this Irony longer, for it is manifest, that whatever Stranger took such a Journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in *Lapland*, or *Iceland*, rather than in a Countrey so favoured by Nature as ours, both in Fruitfulness of Soil, and Temperature of Climate. The miserable Dress, and Dyet, and Dwelling of the People; the general Desolation in most Parts of the Kingdom; the old Seats of the Nobility and Gentry all in Ruins, and no new Ones in their Stead; the Families of Farmers who pay great Rents, living in Filth and Nastiness upon *Butter-milk* and *Potatoes*, without a Shoe or Stocking to their Feet, or a House so convenient as an *English* Hogsty to receive them: These indeed may be comfortable Sights to an *English* Spectator, who comes for a short Time, only to learn the *Language*, and returns.

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back to his own Countrey, whither he finds
all our Wealth transmitted.

Nostrā miseriā magnus es.

THERE is not one Argument used to
prove the Riches of *Ireland*, which is not

A logical Demonstration of its Poverty.

The Rise of our Rents is squeezed out
of the very Blood, and Vitals, and
Cloaths, and Dwellings of the Tenants,
who live worse than *English* Beggars.
The Lowness of Interest, in all other
Countries a Sign of Wealth, is in us a
Proof of Misery, there being no Trade
to employ any Borrower. Hence alone
comes the Dearness of Land, since the Sa-
vers have no other Way to lay out their
Money. Hence the Dearness of Neces-
saries for Life, because the Tenants can-
not afford to pay such extravagant Rates
for Land (which they must take or go
a begging) without raising the Price of
Cattle,

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Cattle, and of Corn, although they should live upon Chaff. Hence our Increase of Buildings in this City, because Workmen have nothing to do, but employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily Increase of *Bankiers*, who may be a ne-

cessary Evil in a trading Countrey, but so ruinous in ours, who, for their private Advantage, have sent away all our Silver, and one third of our Gold; so that within three Years past, the running Cash of the Nation, which was about Five Hundred Thousand Pounds, is now less than Two, and must daily diminish, unless we have Liberty to coin, as well as that important Kingdom the Isle of *Man*, and the meanest Prince in the *German Empire*, as I before observed.

I HAVE sometimes thought that this Paradox of the Kingdom growing Rich

is chiefly owing to those worthy Gentlemen the BANKIERS, who, except some Custom-house Officers, Birds of Passage, oppressive thrifty 'Squires, and a few others that shall be nameless, are, the only thriving People among us: And I have often wished, that a Law were enacted to hang up half a Dozen *Bankiers* every Year, and thereby interpose, at least, some short Delay to the further Ruin of *Ireland*.

YE *are idle, ye are idle*, answered *Pharoah* to the *Israelites*, when they complained to his MAJESTY, that they were forced to make Bricks without Straw.

ENGLAND enjoys every one of these Advantages for enriching a Nation, which I have above enumerated, and into the Bargain, a good Million returned to them every Year without Labour, or Hazard, or one Farthing value received on our Side: But how long we shall be able to continue the Payment, I am not under the least

least Concern. One Thing I know, that
*when the Hen is starved to Death, there will
be no more Golden Eggs.*

I THINK it a little un hospitable, and
others may call it a subtil Piece of Ma-
lice, that, because there may be a Do-
zen Families in this Town able to enter-
tain their *English* Friends in a generous
Manner at their Tables, their Guests,
upon their Return to *England*, shall
report that we wallow in Riches and
Luxury.

YET I confess, I have known an Hof-
pital, where all the Household Officers
grew Rich, while the Poor, for whose
Sake it was built, were almost starving,
for want of Food and Raiment.

To conclude : If *Ireland* be a rich and
flourishing Kingdom, its Wealth and
Prosperity must be owing to certain
Causes, that are yet concealed from the
whole Race of Mankind, and the Effects

are equally invifible. We need not wonder at Strangers, when they deliver fuch Paradoxes; but a Native and Inhabitant of this Kingdom, who gives the fame Verdict, muft be either ignorant to Stupidity, or a Man-pleafer, at the Expence of all Honour, Confcience and Truth.

*The 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before Mr. Sheridan's preface, merely for Eazinefs not^{to} disappoint the Town;
St. Swift.*



NUMBER XVI.

Sed virum verâ virtute vivere animatum ad-
decet,

Fortiterq; innoxium vocare adversum adver-
sarios.

Enn.

MR. INTELLIGENCER,

IT may appear to you perhaps a Thing very unnatural to receive a Complaint from a Son against his Father; but the Treatment, which I meet with from mine, is of such a Nature, that it is impossible for me not to complain.

You must know there are three Brethren of us, *George, Patrick, and Andrew;*

K. 6

I am

I am the second, but the last in Affection with my *Father*, for which I call Heaven and Earth to Witness, I never committed any Fault to incur his Displeasure, or to deserve his Neglect. But so it is, that the best of Men have often Times been misled in the Choice of their Minions, and very undiscerning in conferring their Favours where they ought.

If Parents could but once bring themselves to be impartial, it would beyond all doubt produce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the most binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preserve their Affections; because an equal Dispensation of Favours would entirely remove all Cause of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greatest Consequence, would secure the Love and Esteem of their Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents,

rents, must necessarily produce the contrary.

BUT to state my Case in the best Manner I can, and with an unbiassed Regard to Truth, I think it first necessary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father's* Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

FIRST then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly used to cram himself with *Beef*, *Pudding* and *White-Pot*; but for some Time past, he has taken more Delight in new-fangled *Toss-ups*, and *French Kick-shaws*. This high Feeding does naturally dispose him to be haughty, stubborn, cholerick and rebellious, insomuch, that beside his Insults towards others, he is ready, upon all Occasions to fly in his own *Father's* Face, and apt to despise every Body, but himself.

HE.

HE is so various in his Opinions, that he is of as many *Religions*, as there are, and have been *Sects*, since the Beginning of *Christianity*; but the *True* and *Reformed Church*, as by *Law* established, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long since quitted this, for the Reading of *News-Papers*, *Pamphlets* and *Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of manly Exercises, such as *Fencing*, *Leaping*, *Boxing*, *pitching the Bar*, *Wrestling*, *Hurling*, *Foot-ball*, *Hunting*, &c. But of late he has fallen into a strange and unaccountable Effeminacy, and seems to take Delight in nothing, but *Masquerades*, *Plays* and *Italian Opera's*. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconsistent with our Climate, extravagant in the highest Degree in purchasing fine *Paintings* and *Statues*, and no less expen-

five

five in vast extensive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almost run out all his Fortune.

My youngest Brother, *Andrew*, who has Cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* some Years ago, and they manage so dextrously together, that whatever they say is a *Law* with my *Father*; however, they are not without their Quarrels now and then; but Brother *Andrew* still comes by the worst, although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother *George* wears a longer Sword. Brother *Andrew* is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I suppose he has learned abroad; for he is a great Travel-ler. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil Law*, in both which he has made a considerable Progress. As for his *Religion*, although he openly professes himself a most rigid *Fanatick* of the *Kirk*, yet

yet he is shrewdly suspected to have a
 Hankering after *Papery*. He has one e-
 minent bad Quality, which is, that he
 cannot easily forgive and forget. I re-
 member, I was once so unfortunate, as
 to tell a fair Lady, (a Mistress of mine)
 before his Face, that I would stand by
 her against him, and all her other Adver-
 saries, which he took heinously ill, and
 has not forgiven me to this Hour, but
 lies upon the Watch, to do me all the ill
 Offices he can.

I COME now to my own Character,
 in which I shall not conceal nor gloss o-
 ver my Vices, Errors or Failings, but
 at the same Time, I shall not think it in-
 consistent with Modesty, to tell you my
 Virtues.

I HAVE but a small Fortune; can hard-
 ly keep Soul and Body together, yet
 out of a Regard to my Family, which
 is very Ancient, I love to make, what
 they

they call, a Figure, upon extraordinary Occasions. And now and then I furnish my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the best Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother *George* think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hospitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my House, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I AM so fond of Learning, that I put them to the best School in the Kingdom, and I plainly see, they will be only the Wiser, but never the Richer for it, because my *Father* uses all his Interest for Brother *George's* Sons, and the greatest Dunce among them shall be better provided for, than the most Ingenious of mine. And, I must say, I have some who are equal in Learning to the best of his. I had a Design once, to follow *Merchandise*, that I might be the better able to provide for my poor Children: But Brother

then *George*, having a Mind to make a *Monapoly*, prevailed upon my Father to join against me, and so at last they contrived it, that I should sell nothing but a few of my Cattle, and some Linen Cloth, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother *George* can sell every Thing he has, all the World over; and so cruel is he to me, that he will not let me have, even a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My Religion is of three Sorts, the *Established*, *Popish*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the First in me: I think it is best, because it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long since Brother *George* and *Andrew*, were in a Confederacy against my *Father*, with an Intent to turn him out of his House, and give another the Possession; at which critical Juncture, I mustered

stered up a great Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Assistance, and, for ought I know, saved both his Life and Fortune.

Soon after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother George's Family endeavoured to persuade my *Father*, that Gold and Silver were of no Use to me, and desired leave to furnish me with a few *Coin-ters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I should have been so weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the reasonable Remonstrances, made by some of my own *House*.

THESE are a few of the many Hardships I have suffered, notwithstanding all which, I am willing to continue a *Passive Obedience*, to my Dear *Father*; for I have Reason to believe, that his Unkindness to me, is owing to ill Advisers, who have prejudiced him against me

me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to distinguish his most faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may see in Print, for I fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

S I R,
YOU have not told me your *Father's* Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at a Loss in what Manner I should address him. But in common Humanity (because I think your Case deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my best Advice.

You are not the only Instance of *suffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to surprize you, that *Providence* (for Reasons unaccountable to us) has laid two
 great

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great Trials in your Way, Oppression from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindness* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with these Afflictions, you would want an Opportunity of shewing your Humility and Resignation, as I understand you do not by your Letter.

LET me advise you to consider that your Condition is not quite so lamentable, as that of *Joseph*, who triumphed in God's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at last had the Pleasure of doing good, even to his Persecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father joined in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I do not in the least doubt but there are some about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope some Time or other they will be detected :) You may find a

conve-

convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Case and expostulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be sure of his Compassion and a Redress; for there is no Heart so hard as not to sympathize with real Woe, no Advocate so powerful as Innocence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aside to the Right or to the Left, from that indispensable Duty, which the express Laws of God enjoin you; for let me assure you that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no less than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I COMMIT you to his Care and Direction, who is best able to govern the unruly Affections of Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and support those who suffer for the Sake of Righteousness.

I am your faithful Friend,

The INTELLIGENCER.

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NUMBER XVII.

*Quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
Effluxere decus! quanto pretiosa metallo
Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lydia culta
Despumat rutilas dives Pactolus arenas.*

Claudian.

Mr. *Intelligencer,*

HAVING lately, with great Candour
and Impartiality, perused some of
your *Papers* upon the Distress and Pover-
ty of this *Island*, which you take Care
to describe in the most pathetick Man-
ner, you must forgive me if I differ from
you, and think it one of the most flou-
rishing and wealthy Kingdoms in the
whole

whole World. And to support my Opinion, I will venture to affirm, that there never was such Affluence in ready Cash as at this present Juncture: For have we not more *Bankiers* than ever were known among us? And whether the *Money* circulates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the same Thing to us, since those who would rather have *Cash* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they please. It is to be presumed that no *Banker* gives a *NOTE* before the *Money* is first laid down on his *Counter*; then of Consequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is most certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But I will proceed farther, and prove that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, because there are Multitudes who keep their own *Money*. This appears from the great Number of *Iron Chests* imported from

Holland

land, within these last *seven Years*; for what Use can they be of, but to lodge Money? They are at least two hundred. We will suppose that these, one with another, may contain *two thousand Pounds* a Piece; then the Sum total, amounts to *four hundred thousand Pounds*, which is so much superfluous and unnecessary Cash.

IF this *Island* were not very wealthy, it is strongly to be presumed, that so many *wise and able* Heads, Men of great Learning and superior Talents, whose Reputations reach'd us from distant Regions, long before they came among us, so well distinguished in their own Countries for their great Knowledge in their several Professions, and here more especially remarkable for their speaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I say that Men of such Accomplishments would nee

ver quit their own Native Soil, where so many great Estates are daily made, if they were not sure that this *Island* must, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making larger Acquisitions than they could at home.

HAVE not almost all the Gentlemen thro' this *Kingdom*, for some Years past, declined all profitable Employments, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a stronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chusing to live at their Ease, out of Office, rather than be at the small Trouble which attends the Discharge of a beneficial Employment?

COULD so many *estated* Gentlemen through the North of *Ireland*, afford to keep so much of their Lands waste and untenanted, if they had not *Money* enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewise be glad to take this

this waste Land to plow and sow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy *Bread Corn* and other Necessaries from all the World beside?

As another signal Mark of our Riches, there is scarce a Gentleman who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY (*which, as the World sees, wants not its due Encouragement*) where they live at vast Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who without ever troubling *Law* or *Gospel*, maintain them afterwards at Home like Gentlemen.

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonness and Superfluity, reside constantly in another *Kingdom*, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to *Houses, Coaches, and Equipages*, than their Neighbours? And do not our young *Peers, and Gentry*, who go thither to see the *World, Game, Race, Drink, &c.* beyond any in *Great Britain*, of the same Age

and Quality? Which they could not possibly do, if their Agents here had not an *undrainable Fund to supply them.* For as the *Philosopher* says, *Nemo dat quod non habet*: Or as the *Jugler* very elegantly expresses it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out.*

IF it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of *English Robbers* are come over; that likewise is a very strong Argument of our Wealth; for they would never quit the *English Streets and Roads* for ours, unless they were sure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is most certain we never had such a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture; from whence we may conclude, that they could not possibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houses and People enough to rob, for all Professions and Trades encrease according to the Encouragement they meet with.

ARE not whole Streets adding every
Day

Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already? Some entire Streets and many Houses, I must confess, are waste and uninhabited. But does not this shew the Wealth and Wantonness of the Inhabitants, who, not content with their present Dwellings, change them for others more costly and expensive?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America*? Will any Man say, this can be done with empty Pockets? Can any Man think otherwise, but that it must be the Effect of vast Superfluity, when People wantonly take such long Voyages, and Journeys, to go were they have no Business?

THE last Argument I shall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of Beggars in which it abounds; for it is a common Observation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleness, Sloth, and Luxury; and are not these naturally productive of Want and Beggary?

I COULD offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Countreymen are sufficiently convinced, by what I have said, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me advise you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper, not to dress up *Hibernia* in Rags, and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linen*; for she can very well afford them. Draw the *God* of Riches, hovering over your *Island*, shaking ten Thousands of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Countreymen who have retrenched upon your last groundless Alarm, return to their former Hospitality, and we shall see *Halcyon*, that is, *Irish* Days once more.

S I R,

SIR,

I HAVE perused your Arguments, and thus I answer them. You were certainly fast asleep, and writ them all in your Dream; nor do I in the least doubt, when you awake from your golden Slumber, but you will find your self as much mistaken, as the Man in Æsop, who dreamed the Devil shewed him a Treasure. I wish you may not likewise be in the same Pickle, and prove a Gold-Finder between your own Sheets.

Your's,

The INTELLIGENCER.





NUMBER XVIII.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus.

Hor.

My Dear Countreymen,

IT has been the Custom of all wise Nations, not only to confer immediate Honours upon their Benefactors, but likewise to distinguish their *Birth Days*, by Anniversary Rejoicings. This was a most generous Institution, to transmit those Heroes to Posterity, who gloriously signalized themselves in the Defence of their Countrey, that others being spirited up by their Example, might endeavour to deserve the same Encouragement. It is for this Reason that I recommend Saint *Andrew's* Day unto you, to be celebrated in
a most

a most particular Manner, being (as I am very well informed) the *DRAPIER'S* Birth-Day. But before I shall make out the great Obligations we have to him, I think it first necessary to relate unto you a Passage, untouched upon before, by those who writ against *Wood's Half-pence*, which I have read in an *English* Historian of great Probity and Truth.

HIS Name is *Fines Morrison*. He was Secretary of State to the Lord *Monjoy*, our chief Governour, in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, and therefore had the best Opportunity of knowing the State of this Nation at that Time. He tells you that the Queen had received an Account of the *Irish* being up in Arms (though to speak the Truth, it was the *English* rather; for the *Giraldies*, the *Tools*, the *Canaghs*, and the *Byrns* who were the Ring-leaders, were all of *English* Extraction.) She called a Council, where after

several Schemes had been proposed for reducing the Rebels, it was at last agreed upon, as the best Expedient to make a base Coin current among them; for this, it was thought, would quickly subdue their stubborn Spirits, by introducing Poverty, the great Humbler of Families and Nations.

ACCORDINGLY this Expedient was set on Foot, and it had the intended Effect; for the poor Merchants, who, generally speaking, consider nothing but their own private Advantage, imported vast Sums of this base Coin, every hundred Pounds of which stood them not in above Forty, for so they bought it of the *Dutch*, who thrust their cloven Foot into all Affairs. This being discovered, the Rates of Things were raised to ten Times their Value, the Middle Rank of People were all ruined by it, and the Poor, through this whole Kingdom reduced to Famine, infomuch,

infomuch, that all the publick Roads were strewed with dead Carcafes of miserable Wretches, whose Mouths were green (as the Author expresses it) with their last Meal of Grass.

He likewise gives a Relation of a very horrible Fact; too horrible indeed to mention! That a poor Widow of *Newry*, having six small Children, and no Food to support them, shut up her Doors, died through Despair, and in about three or four Days after, her Children were found eating her Flesh. He says farther, that at the same Time, a Discovery being made of twelve Women, who made a Practice of stealing Children to eat them, they were all burned by Order of Sir *Arthur Chichester*, then Governor of the *North of Ireland*. He likewise tells us, that the poor Butchers, and other Tradesmen, who could not afford to part with their Goods, at such Rates as the Army would

have them, were daily dragooned by them : That the poor Soldiers were also ruined ; for, not being able to buy their Cloathing here, they were obliged to be supplied from *England* at double Rates.

AFTER many more Evils enumerated, the good natured and compassionate *Author*, who all along deplores the miserable Condition of the poor Natives, tells us, their Case was represented in such deplorable Circumstances, that the *Queen* quickly recalled her Grant, and put a Stop to the base *Coin*. And he concludes one *Paragraph* thus (as well as I can remember :)

WE her Majesty's Officers, who thought to make our Fortunes by our Employments, lost what we had, and we lost our Hearts therewith.

I HAVE now finished my melancholy Extract, from whence I shall infer, that as like Causes ever have, and ever must produce

produce like Effects, that villainous Project of *William Wood*, might have entirely ruined this Kingdom, and have converted it into one large poor House, had not the DRAPIER (whom I shall honour while I live) prevented that by his PEN, which perhaps *twenty Thousand* Swords could not have done. Some very great Men, whose Names I am loath to mention, were so angry with the DRAPIER, for saving his *Country*, and disobliging their Friend *William Wood*, that they ordered a good Sum of *Money*, as a Reward to any one, who should discover which of the Town DRAPIERS it was that durst be so impudent; and had it been found out, it is highly probable, they would have seized all the *Goods* in his *Shop*, and have imprisoned and pillared him into the Bargain, to make him an Example to all PATRIOTS.

CONSIDER.

CONSIDER then, my dear *Countrey-men*, the Hazard which this noble spirited *DRAPIER* did run for your Sakes: How like the old Hero *Camillus* he flew in suddenly to our Rescue, when *Wood's* Half-pence were, like the brazen Bucklers, thrown into the opposite Scale by our Enemies, to fill their Pockets more plentifully with our *Gold* and *Silver*: That he has done his best Endeavour to save us from Poverty and Slavery, and consequently has the strongest Title to our Gratitude.

LET us not act then, in a Christian Countrey, like the barbarous Heathens, who frequently, when their greatest Deliverances were wrought, either slighted, or banished, or poisoned, or murdered the *Benefactors*, or the *Heroes*, or reduced them to the Necessity of dying by their own Hands.

So

So fell the great Patriots, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, *Socrates*, *Phocion*, *Themistocles* : And *Dion* of *Syracuse*, who was most inhumanely given up to be butchered by some *Zacynthian Ruffians*, after he had recovered the ungrateful *Sicilians* their Freedom. We ought likewise to consider, that we may possibly stand in Need of a *DRAPIER*'s Assistance another Time.

AND it must be an uncommon Strain of Virtue in any Man, to serve those People, who will not at least offer him their Thanks, or own their Obligation to him.

WHAT makes the *Soldier*, and consecrates the *Hero*, but Rewards and *Honours* ?

LET a Prince be ever so great a *Soldier* himself, if he fails in this single Point, of giving Valour its due Encouragement, he will find his *Soldiers* but very slack in their Duty and full as loose in their Loyalty.

IT

It is even so in all other Professions; let Men pretend what they will, as to Conscience and Duty, they are but *Hypocrites*, when they say, they act with a View to these alone. Proper Encouragements have ever been expected by the best of Men, and it is very just they should have their Due, as well as *Cæsar*.

I DARE venture to engage for the *DRAPIER*, that he expects no more for his great Services, but that Love and Regard, that Respect and Esteem, which every *Irishman*, who has any Virtue left, ought to have for so great a Benefactor. I have my self, one Way or other, *five hundred Pounds a Year*, and I am certain I make the Computation in my own Favour, when I say that I owe him four hundred and fifty Pounds *per Annum*. Let others in Proportion to their Fortune, make Use of the same *Arithmetick*, how much will the Nation owe him?

AND

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AND can any one after this, refuse a few Compliments to his BIRTH-DAY, when *Furze* and *Candles* are so cheap; especially since our Houses can never be better adorned, than by Illuminations, in Respect to those who enable us to keep them?

I WISH, my dear *Countreymen*, I could cast a Veil over one Piece of Ingratitude, which you have been guilty of to one of your Deliverers; I mean to the Great and Glorious King *William*, that for two Years past, you have laid aside his Anniversary-Dinner at the *Tbolsel*, forgetting that he did not only save us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, but did in a very particular Manner, distinguish and reward the Gentlemen of this Kingdom, both of the *Gown* and the *Sword*, and made the People in general so much his peculiar Care, that there was no complaining in our Streets.

I WOULD

I would not here be understood to approve of the *Bumper-Loyalty*, of getting drunk to the Memory of the Dead, but to have an annual Meeting, to shew a decent Respect for those who have been our true Friends and Benefactors, either living or dead, and exclude all others, who are not so, even from our Flattery.



NUMBER XIX.

Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis oves.

Virg.

Having on the 12th of October last, received
a LETTER sign'd Andrew Dealer,
and Patrick Pennylefs; I believe the fol-
lowing PAPER, just come to my Hands,
will be a sufficient Answer to it.

SIR,

I AM a Countrey Gentleman, and a Mem-
ber of *Parliament*, with an Estate of
about 1400 *l.* a Year; which, as a *Northern*
Landlord, I receive from above two Hun-
dred Tenants, and my Lands having been
let

let near twenty Years ago, the Rents, till very lately, were esteemed not to be above half Value; yet by the intolerable Scarcity of *Silver*, I lye under the greatest Difficulties in receiving them, as well as in paying my Labourers, or buying any Thing necessary for my Family from *Tradesmen*, who are not able to be long out of their *Money*. But the Sufferings of me, and those of my Rank, are Trifles in Comparifon, of what the meaner Sort undergo; such as the *Buyers* and *Sellers*, at *Fairs* and *Markets*; the *Shopkeepers* in every *Town*, the *Farmers* in general; all those who travel with *Fish*, *Poultry*, *Pedlary-ware*, and other Conveniencies to sell: But more especially *Handycrafts-men*, who work for us by the Day, and common Labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both these Kinds of People I am forced to employ, till their Wages amount to a *Double Pistole*, or a *Moidore*, (for we hardly have any

any *Gold* of lower Value left among us; to divide it among themselves as they can; and this is generally done at an *Ale-house*, or *Brandy-shop*; where, besides the Cost of getting *drunk*, (which is usually the Case) they must pay *ten Pence* or a *Shilling*, for changing their *Piece* into *Silver*, to some *Huckstering Fellow*, who follows that *Trade*. But what is infinitely worse, those poor Men for want of due Payment, are forced to take up their *Oat-Meal*, and other Necessaries of Life, at almost double Value, and consequently are not able to discharge half their Score, especially under the Scarceness of *Corn*, for two Years past, and the Melancholy Disappointment of the present *Crop*.

THE CAUSES of this, and a Thousand other Evils, are clear and manifest to you and all other thinking Men, though hidden from the Vulgar: These indeed complain of hard Times, the Dearth of Corn,
the

the Want of Money, the Badness of Seasons; that their Goods bear no Price; and the Poor cannot find Work; but their weak Reasonings never carry them to the Hatred and Contempt, born us by our Neighbours and Brethren, without the least Grounds of Provocation, who rejoice at our Sufferings, although sometimes to their own Disadvantage; of the dead Weight upon every beneficial Branch of our Trade; of half our Revenues sent annually to *England*, and many other Grievances peculiar to this unhappy Kingdom, except for our Sins, which keep us from enjoying the common Benefits of Mankind, as you and some other Lovers of their Countrey have so often observed, with such good Inclinations, and so little Effect.

It is true indeed, that under our Circumstances in general, this Complaint for the Want of *Silver*, may appear as ridiculous, as for a Man to be impatient about a *Cut-Finger*,

Finger, when he is struck with the *Plague*; and yet a poor Fellow going to the *Gal- lows*, may be allowed to feel the Smart of *Wasps*, while he is upon *Tyburn Road*. This Misfortune is too urging, and vexatious in every Kind of small Traffick, and so hourly pressing upon all Persons in the Countrey whatsoever, that a hundred Inconveniencies, of perhaps greater Moment in themselves, have been timely submitted to, with far less Disquietude and Murmurs. And the Case seems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful Men assert, that nothing is more easy than a Remedy; and, that the Want of *Silver*, in Proportion to the little *Gold* remaining among us, is altogether as unnecessary, as it is inconvenient. A Person of Distinction assured me very lately, that in discoursing with the *Lord Lieutenant*, before his last Return to *England*, his Excellency said, *He had pressed the Matter often, in proper Time*

Time and Place, and to proper Persons; and could not see any Difficulty of the least Moment, that could prevent us from being easy upon that Article.

WHOEVER carries to *England* twenty seven *English* Shillings, and brings back one *Moidore* of full Weight, is a gainer of nine Pence *Irish*; In a *Guinea*, the Advantage is three Pence; and two Pence in a *Pistole*. The BANKIERS, who are generally Masters of all our *Gold* and *Silver*, with this Advantage, have sent over as much of the latter as came into their Hands. The Value of one Thousand *Moidores* in *Silver*, would thus amount in clear Profit, to 37 *l.* 10 *s.* The Shopkeepers, and other Traders, who go to *London* to buy Goods, followed the same Practice, by which we have been driven into this insupportable Distress.

To a common Thinker, it should seem, that nothing would be more easy, than for
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the *Government* to redress this Evil, at any Time they shall please. When the Value of *Guineas* was lowered in *England* from 21 s. 6 d. to only 21 s. the Consequences to this Kingdom were obvious, and manifest to us all; and a sober Man, may be allowed at least to wonder, though he dares not complain, why a new Regulation of *Coin* among us, was not then made; much more, why it hath never been since. It would surely require no very profound Skill in *Algebra*, to reduce the Difference of nine Pence to thirty Shillings, or three Pence in a *Guinea* to less than a Farthing; and so small a Fraction could be no Temptation, either to *Bankers* to hazard their *Silver* at Sea, or *Tradesmen* to load themselves with it, in their Journeys to *England*. In my humble Opinion, it would be no unseasonable Condescension, if the *Government* would Graciously please to signify to the poor loyal Protestant Subjects

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of

of *Ireland*, either that this miserable Want of *Silver*, is not possible to be remedy'd in any Degree, by the nicest Skill in *Arithmetick*; or else, that it doth not stand with the good Pleasure of *England*, to suffer any *Silver* at all among us. In the former Case, it would be Madness to expect *Impossibilities*; and in the other, we must submit: For, Lives and Fortunes are always at the Mercy of the CONQUEROR.

THE Question hath been often put in printed Papers, by the DRAPIER and others, or perhaps by the same WRITER, under different Styles, why this Kingdom should not be permitted to have a Mint of its own, for the Coinage of Gold, Silver and Copper, which is a Power exercised by many Bishops, and every petty Prince in Germany: But this Question hath never been answered, nor the least Application that I have heard of, made to the

Crown from hence, for the Grant of a *Publick Mint*, although it stands upon Record, that several Cities and Corporations here had the Liberty of *Coining Silver*. I can see no Reasons, why we alone of all Nations, are thus restrained, but such as I dare not mention; only thus far, I may venture, that *Ireland* is the first Imperial Kingdom, since *Nimrod*, which ever wanted Power, to *Coin* their own Money.

I know very well, that in *England* it is lawful for any Subject to petition either the *Prince* or the *Parliament*, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular Manner; but what is lawful for a Subject of *Ireland*, I profess I cannot determine; nor will undertake, that your *Printer* shall not be prosecuted, in a *Court of Justice*, for publishing my *Wishes*, that a poor Shopkeeper might be able to change a *Guinea*, or a *Moidore*, when a Cu-

stomer comes for a *Crown's* worth of Goods. I have known less Crimes punished with the utmost Severity, under the Title of *Disaffection*: And I cannot but approve the Wisdom of the *Antients*, who, after *Astrea* had fled from the Earth, at least took Care to provide *three upright Judges for Hell*. Mens Ears, among us, are indeed grown so nice, that whoever happens to think out of Fashion, in what relates to the Welfare of this Kingdom, dare not so much as complain of the *Tooth-ach*, lest our weak and busy Dabblers in Politicks, should be ready to swear against him for *Disaffection*.

THERE was a Method practised by Sir *Ambrose Crawley*, the great Dealer in *Iron-works*, which I wonder the Gentlemen of our Countrey, under this great Exigence, have not thought fit to imitate. In the several Towns and Villages where he dealt, and many Miles round, he gave *Notes*
instead

instead of *Money*, from *two Pence* to *twenty Shillings*, which passed current in all Shops and Markets, as well as in Houses, where Meat or Drink was sold. I see no Reason, why the like Practice may not be introduced among us, with some Degrees of Success, or at least may not serve as a poor Expedient, in this our *blessed Age of Paper*, which, as it dischargeth all our greatest Payments, may be equally useful in the smaller, and may just keep us alive, till an *English Act of Parliament* shall forbid it.

I HAVE been told, that among some of our poorest *American Colonies*, upon the Continent, the People enjoy the Liberty of cutting the little *Money* among them into Halves and Quarters, for the Conveniencies of small Traffick. How happy should we be in Comparison of our present Condition, if the like Privi-

lege were granted to us of employing the Sheers, for want of a *Mint*, upon our *Foreign Gold*; by clipping it into *half Crowns*, and *Shillings*, and even lower Denominations; for Beggars must be content to live upon Scraps: And it would be our Felicity that these Scraps would never be exported to other Countries, while any Thing better was left.

If neither of these Projects will avail, I see nothing left us, but to truck and barter our Goods, like the *wild Indians*, with each other, or with our too powerful Neighbours; only with this Disadvantage on our Side, that the *Indians* enjoy the Product of their own Land, whereas the better half of ours is sent away without so much as a Recompence in *Bugles* or *Glass* in return.

It must needs be a very comfortable Circumstance, in the present Juncture, that some thousand Families are gone or going, or preparing to go from hence,
and

and settle themselves in *America*. The poorer Sort, for want of Work, the Farmers, whose beneficial Bargains are now become a Rack-Rent too hard to be born. And those who have any *ready Money*, or can purchase any, by the Sale of their Goods or Leases, because they find their Fortunes hourly decaying, that their Goods will bear no Price, and that few or none, have any *Money* to buy the very Necessaries of Life, are hastening to follow their departed Neighbours. It is true *Corn* among us carries a very high Price; but it is for the same Reason, that *Rats*, and *Cats*, and dead *Horses* have been often bought for *Gold* in a Town besieged.

THERE is a Person of Quality in my Neighbourhood, who twenty Years ago, when he was just come of Age, being unexperienced and of a generous Temper, let his Lands, even as Times went

then at a low Rate to able Tenants, and consequently by the Rise of Land since that Time, looked upon his Estate to be set at half Value: But Numbers of these Tenants, or their Descendants are now offering to sell their Leases by Cant, even those which were for Lives, some of them renewable for ever, and some Fee-Farms, which the Landlord himself hath bought in at half the Price they would have yielded seven Years ago. And some Leases let at the same Time for Lives, have been given up to him, without any Consideration all.

THIS is the most favourable Face of Things at present among us, I say, among us of the *North*, who are esteemed the only thriving People of the Kingdom. And how far, and how soon this Misery and Desolation may spread is easy to foresee.

THE

THE vast Sums of *Money* daily carried off, by our numerous Adventurers to *America*, have deprived us of our *Gold* in these Parts, almost as much as of our *Silver*.

AND the good Wives who come to our Houses, offer us their Pieces of Linnen, upon which their whole Dependence lies, for so little Profit, that it can neither half pay their Rents, nor half support their Families.

IT is remarkable that this Enthusiasm spread among our *Northern* People of sheltering themselves in the Continent of *America*, hath no other Foundation than their present insupportable Condition at home. I have made all possible Enquiries, to learn what Encouragement our People have met with, by any Intelligence from those Plantations, sufficient to make them undertake so tedious and hazardous a Voyage in all Seasons of the

Year ; and so ill accommodated in their Ships that many of them have died miserably in their Passage ; but could never get one satisfactory Answer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a Letter to his Friend or Cousin from thence, inviting him by all Means to come over ; that it was a fine fruitful Country, and to be held for ever at a *Penny* an Acre. But the Truth of the Fact is this : The *English* established in those Colonies, are in great Want of Men to inhabit that Tract of Ground which lies between them and the *wild Indians* who are not reduced under their Dominion. We read of some barbarous People whom the *Romans* placed in their Armies, for no other Service than to blunt their Enemies Swords, and afterwards to fill up Trenches with their dead Bodies. And thus our People who transport themselves, are settled in those interjacent Tracts

Tracts as a Screen against the Insults of the *Savages*, and may have as much Land as they can clear from the Woods at a very reasonable Rate, if they can afford to pay about a *hundred* Years Purchase by their Labour. Now besides the *Fox's* Reasons, which incline all those who have already ventured thither, to represent every Thing in a false Light, as well for justifying their own Conduct, as for getting Companions in their Misery; so the governing People in those Plantations have wisely provided, that no Letters shall be suffered to pass from thence hither, without being first viewed by the Council, by which our People here are wholly deceived in the Opinions they have of the happy Condition of their Friends gone before them. This was accidentally discovered some Months ago by an honest Man, who ha-

ving transported himself and Family thither, and finding all Things directly contrary to his Hope, had the Luck to convey a private Note by a faithful Hand to his Relation here, entreating him not to think of such a Voyage, and to discourse all his Friends from attempting it. Yet this, although it be a Truth well known, hath produced very little Effects, which is no Manner of Wonder; for as it is natural to a Man in a *Fever* to turn often, although without any Hope of Ease, or when he is pursued to leap down a Precipice, to avoid an Enemy just at his Back; so Men in the extremest Degree of Misery and Want, will naturally fly to the first Appearance of Relief, let it be ever so vain or visionary.

You may observe, that I have very superficially touched the Subject I began with, and with the utmost Caution.

For

For I know how criminal the least Complaint hath been thought, however seasonable or just, or honestly intended, which hath forced me to offer up my daily Prayers, that it may never, at least in my Time, be interpreted by Innuendo's as a false, scandalous, seditious and disaffected Action, for a Man to roar under an acute Fit of the *Gout*, which beside the Loss and the Danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my Age, so severely afflicted with that Distemper.

I wish you good Success, but I can promise you little, in an ungrateful Office you have taken up, without the least View, either to Reputation or Profit. Perhaps your Comfort is, that none but *Villains* and *Betrayers* of their Countrey, can be your *Enemies*. Upon which I have little to say, having not the Honour

nour to be acquainted with many of that Sort, and therefore, as you easily may believe, am compelled to lead a very retired Life.

I am SIR,

Your most Obedient,

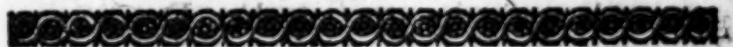
County of Down,
Dec. 2, 1728.

Humble Servant,

A. NORTH.

J. Swift.





NUMBER XX.

DEAN SMEDLEY gone to seek his FORTUNES.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.

A SHORT HISTORY of the DEAN by
Way of Illustration.

HIS first Rise in the Church was a small Living in the Diocese of Cork, given him by the GOVERNMENT, to the Surprize of the whole World. This Living he swapped soon after for a Chaplain's Post in a Regiment, which he sold for five hundred Pounds. He turned his
Hand

Hand with this Money, and in a very little Time, got a DEANERY; this he swapped likewise for another Living. After this again he got another DEANERY, by some unaccountable Methods, but being much in Debt, he was forced to fly his *Country*, and disposed of it, in what Manner no Body can tell, but himself and another. He has left one living behind him, which he could not avoid doing, because it was sequestred for his Debts. When he went for *England*, in order to turn the Penny, he received Subscriptions from Numbers of Gentlemen, to carry on a Work, which would have taken ten Years to accomplish, if the most Ingenious and and Learned Person had undertaken it, and which he himself could not have done in ten thousand Years. After all this, he run off to *Fort St. George*, and left the following Character of himself. *This from*
the

No. 20. *The INTELLIGENCER.* 257
the Political State for the Month of February
1729, *Pag.* 209.

About the same Time it was published
(in the *Daily Post* of February 13.) that a
Mezzotinto is engraving from an Original
Picture of DEAN SMEDLEY, with this
remarkable Inscription, Written by him-
self.

Reverendus Decanus,
JONATHAN SMEDLEY

Theologia instructus,

In Poesi exercitatus,

Politioribus excultus Literis;

Parce Pius, Impius minime;

Veritatis Indagator, Libertatis Assertor;

Subsannatus multis, Fastiditus quibusdam,

Exoptatus plurimis, omnibus Amicus,

Auctor hujus Sententiæ,

PATRES SUNT VETULA.

Domata Invidia, Superato Odio,

Per Laudem & Vituperium, per Famam atq; Infamiam;

Utramque Fortunam, variosque expertus Casus,

Mente

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Mente Sana, Sano Corpore,
Volens, Lætusque,

Lustris plus quam xi numeratis,

Ad Rem Familiarem restaurandam, augendamque,
Et ad Evangelium, Indos inter Orientales, prædicandum,

Græcæ, Idibus Februarii, Navem ascendens,
Arcemque Sancti petens *Georgii*,

Vernale per *Æquinoxium*,

Anno *Æræ Christianæ* mdcxviii.

Transfretavit.

Fata vocant--- revocentque precamur.

Thus translated.

The very Reverend *Dean Smedley*,

Of *Dullness*, *Pride*, *Conceit*, a *Medley*,

Was equally allow'd to shine,

As *Poet*, *Scholar* and *Divine*.

With *Godliness* cou'd well dispense,

Wou'd be a *Rake*, but wanted Sense.

Wou'd strictly after *Truth* enquire,

Because he dreaded to come nigh'r.

For *Liberty* no Champion bolder,

He hated *Bailiffs* at his Shoulder.

To

N^o. 20. *The INTELLIGENCER.* 259

To half the World a standing Jest,
A perfect *Nuisance* to the rest.
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they cou'd give him.
To all Mankind a constant Friend,
Provided they had *Cash* to lend.
One Thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *Laconick* Sentence,
By cutting of his Phrase, and trimming,
To prove that *Bishops* were Old Women.
Poor Envy durst not shew her Phiz,
She was so terrify'd at his.
He waded without any Shame,
Thro' thick and thin, to get a Name,
Try'd ev'ry sharpening Trick for Bread,
And after all he seldom sped:
When *Fortune* favour'd, he was nice,
He never once wou'd cog the *Dice*,
But if she turn'd against his Play,
He knew to stop à *quater trois*.
Now sound in Mind, and sound in *Corpus*,
(Says he) tho' swell'd like any *Porpus*,

He

He heys from hence at forty four,
(But by his Leave he sinks a Score,)
 To the *East Indies*, there to cheat,
 Till he can purchase an Estate ;
 Where after he has fill'd his Chest,
 He'll mount his *Tub*, and preach his best,
 And plainly prove by dint of Text,
 This World is his, and theirs the next.

Left that the Reader should not know,
 The Bank where last he set his Toe,
 Twas *Greenwich*. There he took a Ship,
 And gave his Creditors the Slip.
 But lest *Chronology* should vary,
 Upon the *Ides of February*,
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
 To *Fort St. George* a *Pedlar* went he.
 Ye *Fates*, when all he gets is Spent,
 RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT.

ALL



ALL Gentlemen, who are any ways attacked by Dunces, are desired to send a formal Complaint to the INTELLIGENCER, with the Names of the Delinquents, there shall be able Satisfaction given, by Printing the Dunces Names at Length, with Animadversions, suitable to their Crimes and Qualities. By which Means we shall in time be enabled to accomplish an *Irish* Dunciad, in Imitation of that incomparable Dunce-Epick Poem, Written and Published, by the most Ingenious Mr. POPE against the *Grub-street* Scriblers of *Great Britain*. The INTELLIGENCER does likewise for the Ease of the Publick, give Warning to all Dunces, of what Rank soever, forthwith to lay aside their *Crambo*, or he does in a most solemn Manner declare he will Couple them together in their own Rhymes.

Rhymes. He does farther assure them, that if, after this his Proclamation, any Dunce within this Realm of *Ireland*, shall presume to touch Pen, Ink, or Paper, after the twentieth Day of this Instant, before which Time it is to be presumed he may hear this Read, that then, *ipso facto*, he pronounces him an Outlaw, and of Consequence every Man has a right to his Head. And for every such Head, brought in, the Reward shall be the current Price of a *Sheep's* Head, be the Rate ever so High.

Dated at our *Chambers*.

May 7, 1729.

PHEASANT and the LARK.

A F A B L E.

Quis iniquus

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut tentat se?

Juv.

IN antient Times, as Bards indite,
(If Clerks have con'd the Records right)

A PEACOCK reign'd, whose glorious Sway

His Subjects with Delight obey;

His Tail was beauteous to behold,

Replete with goodly Eyes and Gold,

(Fair Emblem of that Monarch's Guise,

Whose Train at once is rich and wise)

And princely rul'd he many Regions,

And Statesmen wise, and valiant Legions.

A Pheasant Lord, above the rest,

With ev'ry Grace and Talent blest,

Was sent to sway, with all his Skill,

The Sceptre * of a neighb'ring Hill;

No Science was to him unknown,

For all the Arts were all his own:

* Ireland.

In

In all the living Learned read,
 Tho' more delighted with the Dead:
 For Birds, if ancient Tales say true,
 Had then their *Popes* and *Homers* too,
 Cou'd read and write in Prose and Verse,
 And speak like——, and build like * *Pearce*.
 He knew their Voices, and their Wings,
 Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
 Who toils with ill-fledg'd Pens to climb,
 And who attain'd the true Sublime:
 Their Merits he could well descry,
 He had so exquisite an Eye;
 And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,
 He had as exquisite an Ear.
 It chanc'd as on a Day he stray'd,
 Beneath an *Academick* Shade, —
 He lik'd, amidst a thousand Throats,
 The Wildness of a † *Woodlark's* Notes,
 And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his Game,
 And took him home, and made him tame;
 Found him on Tryal true and able,
 So chear'd and fed him at his Table.

Here some shrew'd Critick finds I'm caught,
 And cries out, *better fed than taught*----
 Then jests on *Game* and *Tame*, and reads
 And jests, and so my Tale proceeds.

* *A famous modern Architect.*

† Dr. D——y.

Long had he study'd in the Wood,
 Converſing with the Wiſe and Good ;
 His Soul with Harmony inſpired,
 With Love of Truth and Virtue fir'd :
 His Brethren's Good, and Maker's Praise,
 Were all the Study of his Lays ;
 Were all his Study in Retreat,
 And now employ'd him with the Great.
 His Friendſhip was the ſure Reſort,
 Of all the Wretched at the Court ;
 But chiefly Merit in Diſtreſs
 His greateſt *Bleſſing* was to *bleſs*-----

This fix'd him in his Patron's Breſt,
 But fir'd with Envy all the reſt :
 I mean that noiſy craving Crew,
 Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
 And prey'd like *Rooks*, by Pairs and Dozens,
 To fill the Maws of Sons and Couſins :
Unmov'd their Heart, and chill'd their Blood,
To ev'ry Thought of Common Good,
Confining ev'ry Hope and Care
 To their own low contracted Sphere.
 Theſe ran him down with ceafeleſs Cry,
 But found it hard to tell you why,
 'Till his own Wit and Worth ſupply'd,
 Sufficent Matter to deride :
 'Tis *Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt Rule,*
To bide her Rage in Ridicule :

*The vulgar Eye she best beguiles,
 When all her Snakes are deckt with Smiles :
 Sardonic Smiles, by Rancour rais'd !
 Tormented most when seeming pleas'd !
 Their Spight had more than half expir'd,
 Had he not wrote, what all admir'd ;
 What Morsels had their Malice wanted,
 But that he built, and plann'd, and planted !
 How had his Sense and Learning griev'd 'em,
 But that his Charity reliev'd 'em !*

*At highest Worth dull Malice reaches,
 As Slugs pollute the fairest Peaches :
 Envy defames, as Harpies vile
 Devour the Food, they first defile.*

*Now ask the Fruit of all his Favour-----
 He was not hitherto a Saver-----
 What then could make their Rage run mad ?
 Why what he hop'd, not what he had.*

*What Tyrant e'er invented Ropes,
 Or Racks, or Rods to punish Hopes ?
 Th' Inheritance of Hope and Fame,
 Is seldom earthly Wisdom's Aim ;
 Or if it were, is not so small,
 But there is Room enough for all.*

*If he but chance to breathe a Song
 (He seldom sang, and never long)
 The noisy, rude, malignant Croud,
 Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud :*

Plain

Plain Truth was *Pride*, and what was filtier,
Easy and *Friendly* was *Familiar*.

Or if he tun'd his lofty Lays,
 With solemn Air to Virtue's Praise,
 Alike abusive, and erroneous,
 They call'd it *hoarse* and *unharmonious* :
 Yet so it was, to Souls like theirs,
 Tuneless as *Abel* to the *Bears*!

A * *Rook* with harsh malignant Caw
 Began, was follow'd by a † *Daw* ;
 (Tho' some, who would be thought to know,
 Are positive it was a Crow)

Jack Daw was seconded by *Tit*,
 † *Tom-tit* could write, and so he writ,
 A Tribe of tuneless Praters follow,
 The *Jay*, the *Magpye*, and the *Swallow*,
 And twenty more their Throats let loose,
 Down to the wittlefs waddling *Goose*.

Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
 Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd;
 The *Crow*, on Carrion wont to feast,
 The *Carrion Crow* condemn'd his Taste :
 The *Rook* in earnest too, not joking,
 Swore all his Singing was but *Croaking*.

Some thought they meant to shew their Wit,
 Might think so still,----but that they writ----
 Could it be Spight or Envy ; ----No----
Who did no Ill, could have no Foe ----- So

* *Dr. T--r.* † *Right Hon. R--T--gh, Esq;* † *Dr. Sh--rid-n.*

So *wise Simplicity* esteem'd,
 Quite otherwise *true Wisdom* deem'd;
 This Question rightly understood,
What more provokes, than doing Good?
A Soul ennobled and refin'd,
Reproaches every baser Mind:
As Strains exalted and melodious
Make every meaner Musick odious-----

At length the * *Nightingale* was heard,
 For *Voice* and *Wisdom* long rever'd,
 Esteem'd of all the *Wise* and *Good*,
 The *Guardian Genius* of the *Wood*:
 He long in *Discontent* retir'd,
 Yet not *obscur'd*, but more *admir'd*,
 His Brethren's servile Souls disdain'd,
 He liv'd indignant and complaining:
 They now afresh provoke his *Choler*,
 It seems the *Lark* had been his *Scholar*,
 A *Favourite Scholar* always near him,
 And oft had wak'd whole *Nights* to hear him;
 Enrag'd he canvasses the *Matter*,
 Exposes all their senseless *Chatter*,
 Shews him and them in such a *Light*,
 As more enflames, yet quells their *Spight*,
 They hear his *Voice*, and frighted fly,
 For *Rage* had rais'd it very high:
 Sham'd by the *Wisdom* of his *Notes*,
 They hide their *Heads*, and hush their *Throats*.

* *Dean Swift*.

F I N I S.

